TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1384.

JAIL RIOTS—THE RED LIGHT SEE PAGE 11.

# JOHN BULL

## to every man who smokes a pipe

# If you filled your pipe in our factory—

### IT COULDN'T BE FRESHER

Open a tin of Bondman Empire Blend when you settle down with your pipe and paper to-night. Hear the air rush in as the knife cuts the **VACUUM SEALED LID.** Fill up and enjoy the fragrance and flavour of this blend of choicest **VIRGINIA & COLONIAL** Tobaccos. It will be as fresh as if you filled your pipe in our factory.

*You couldn't have a better smoke than—*

LLOYDS'

**BONDMAN**

**EMPIRE BLEND**

**IN 1-OZ. VACUUM SEALED TINS**

**10d.**

GIVE BONDMAN THIS XMAS

*RICHARD LLOYD & SONS (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1*

**Original blend—Bondman Virginia 11½d. per oz.**

## FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY.
COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels, 3/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Hdkfs., Ladies' 7d. doz., Gent's 1/2 doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Ladies' Lovely Necklets, etc., inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties, free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 66, King Street, Huddersfield.

50% PROFIT. Buy Hosiery, Knitwear, Bedding, Cut prices. Money-back guarantee. Catlg. free. London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, W.6.

## AGENCIES, CLUBS.

TURN YOUR SPARE TIME INTO CASH!

A Genuine Offer to *John Bull* Readers.

There's extra money waiting for you through Messrs. Freeman's celebrated Spare Time Agency. Cash or credit trade in Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Cars, etc. Largest stock in the Trade. Men in regular employment appointed agents on most generous terms. Absolutely no outlay. Liberal supply of samples and illustrated Catalogues.

Write NOW for particulars, mentioning *John Bull*,
FREEMANS,
Lavender Hill, London.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN! WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE, LTD., ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club Leads for Value! Big commission; little trouble; no expense. Super bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. Over 60 years' reputation for value and Service. Thousands of enthusiastic organisers! Send P.C. NOW for 364-page wonder Catalogue and particulars.—JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A.7), MANCHESTER.

50/- BONUS and Commission paid on 20 weeks Club. You can earn bigger money by becoming a "BRITANNIC" Agent for 1/- weekly clubs. Commission paid weekly. Send p.c. for catalogue 208 pages, Bedding, Furniture, Footwear, Drapery, etc.—Britannic Household Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 90), Cheetwood Rd., Manchester.

TOILET REQUISITES.—Popular Lines, profitable to sell. Small quantities supplied. Price lists free.—B. Gale, 3, Upper Mill Hill, Leeds.

## EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 8, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House).

A PAYING Profession—Become a Certificated Chiropodist.—Write parties, Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

## BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Lowest prices. 10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/6 1,000. Catalogues, Dup. Books, etc., Samples 2d.—Mead, Room 60, Sandy.

PRINTING.—Billheads, Handbills, Cards, 2/6 1,000. All printing. Samples free.—Stanley Osborne, Millbrook Street, Gloucester.

## BARGAIN SALES.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb, 4/6, for Socks, etc. Steel Grey, 2/4. Colours from 2/11 lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

CARNIVAL, Dance and Party Novelties, Balloons. Send for free bargain list. "UNEEDUS," 70/72, Arundel Street, PORTSMOUTH.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 82 TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

# SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

**Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.**
**Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.**
*Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Movs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1377 free.—Dudleys, 651, Holloway Road, N.7.

"CARNIVAL." Hats, Novelties, Balloons, Decorations and Wigs. Cat. J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross St., Ldn., N.1.

RUG WOOL, 1/- per lb. Postcard brings Designs and Samples Free.—For address where to write see advt. of Readicut Wool Co. in *John Bull's* "Shop Window," page 3.

MANY people wishing to give high-class jewellery or timepieces as Xmas presents are advised that the old-established house of J. W. Benson, Ltd., will supply any of their wide range of gifts by easy payments, and at either of their London shops, 25, Old Bond Street, W.1, and 62-64, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4, one can select high quality articles for a first payment ranging from a few shillings.

## WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6. Kits, parts. Repairs. 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbull, 130, Old St., Ldn., EC1.

BUILD OWN GRAMO OR RADIO. List of Kits, Cabinets, Motors and Parts FREE. Terms arranged. Instructions 2d.—J. B. Burt, 185, High Street, Deptford, S.E.8.

GET the Lissen "Skyscraper" 1/- Chart, which explains how you can build your own wireless set by writing to Lissen, Ltd., Dept. D.E.1, Worple Road, Isleworth, Middlesex. If you mention *John Bull* it will be sent FREE.

## MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—BUY DIRECT. Indian and Ceylon Blended: 6 lb. 4/6, 10 lb. 10/-. Carr. pd. Special quotation for large quantities, and packet teas.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

# "John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

*ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."

## Turn to Pages 14, 21, 23 and 25.

**4 separate prizes of £20 must be won in a free, simple and fascinating Competition.**

## Crossword Pension and £300 won outright.

### Result of Competition No. 192.

*The only correct entry in the above Competition was received from:—*

**Mr. KARL HODGSON, "Dobfield," Laycock, Keighley, Yorks,**

*who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a cheque for £300 and a Pension of 30s. a week for life, or a lump sum of £800.*

*Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, January 3rd, 1933, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."*

*No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 10 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £10:—*

*A. Foley, 109, Postal Drive, Penditton, Lancs; W. R. Grey, 5, Rutland Road, Harrogate; E. J. Ivens, Cracknell Street, Shipston-on-Stour; W. E. Jaques, 33, Davy Avenue, Scunthorpe, Lincs; A. L. McDonald, 17, Alexandra Road, London, S.W.17; W. Melling, 319, Wigan Road, Bryn, Nr. Wigan; H. F. Perritt, 12, Grosvenor Road, Tunbridge Wells; F. Pearce, 44, Daniel Street, Truro, Cornwall; C. Richards, 15, Bramblebury Road, London, S.E.18; J. Trethewey, 108, St. John's Road, Newquay, Cornwall.*

*In addition to the above cash awards, the winner of the First Prize and each of the 10 sharing the £100 for Runners-up will receive shortly before Christmas an extra award of a Christmas Hamper.*

*BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 190: The extra £100 offered in this contest has been divided between 55 entrants and payments of £1 16s. 3d. are being despatched accordingly.*

**Another Splendid K-Word with a First 2-in-1 Prize of 30/- a Week for life and £800, or a lump sum of £800 each, together with prizes for runners-up appears on page 28. Try your skill now!**

BARGAINS FOR MEN! See advt. of Croydon Stores on page 3.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS LIST FREE.—(DEPT. 48), NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 228, MILE END RD., LONDON.

PLATIGNUM Pens, Writing Sets, Wallets, Desk Sets and Pencils make excellent Xmas gifts. Write for list, post free, from Mentmore Mnfg. Co., Ltd., Dept. B.J.2, Platignum House, Tudor Grove, E.9.

YOUR FURNISHING PROBLEMS SOLVED. Get the Hackney's latest Bargain Catalogue of Furniture and full information about their Free Insurance Plan and deferred terms. Be sure to mention *John Bull* when writing. Address: Head Office, Mare Street, London, E.8.

## DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 20/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £4. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on approval (Refunded cash or cutting).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 68, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

## MEDICAL, CURATIVE

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the VERY cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/3 for generous supply, or 11d. stamps for Free Booklet.—Rideard Tablet Co., 34-38, Colmore, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, the Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 2/-, Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Bpl. 32.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful. No lumpy pads, no straps, dorsal pieces, chafing or gouging parts anywhere—entirely. Send on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (4230), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Elastocol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliance. Send 11d. stamps for Free booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Elastocol Laboratories, 1, Shandon Road, London, S.W.12.

DIGESTIVE TROUBLES.—Substitute ordinary food for a trial by "Allenbury's" Diet. Send 3d. stamps for 7-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.2), 37, Lombard St., Ldn., E.C.3.

NAIL BITING. A real cure at last! Free Booklet tells how you can cure yourself (or a child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. Send 11d. stamps.—The Filtex Treatment (Dept. J.B.3), 294, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

WINTER COLDS.—Avoid the minor forms of coughs, colds and sore throats. Many people nowadays have formed the habit of sucking a Zubes to protect throat and chest. The result is a warming, comforting "glow."

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS can obtain a free sample of Uraco Brand Tablets if they write to Uraco Laboratories, Dept. 83, 33, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

## WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

RATS AND MICE CANNOT RESIST RODDINE. THE FASCINATING AND FATAL RAT EXTERMINATOR. THEY EAT IT GREEDILY, DIE INSTANTLY. 7½d. & 2/3. ALL CHEMISTS OR RODDINE WORKS, PERTH. (POST 3d. EXTRA.)

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS are lovely. DUKE'S JELLIED LIQUORICE is soothing. Sweet Shops.

FREE.—To introduce new lavatory disinfectant-cleanser, we are giving a 6d. tablet FREE to all "J.B." readers sending 2d. stamps to cover postage and packing.—Penn (J.B. Gift), 78, Junction Road, London, N.19.

THIS week *John Bull* offers £80 in cash in a simple competition which appears on pages 14, 21, 23 and 25. Full details are given on each page, for which four separate prizes of £20 must be won. Why not make it a fireside Christmas and get the family to help? There is no entrance fee. Note closing date, January 7, 1933, and send in your entries now.

THE whole course of some unhappy little life may be changed by your Xmas gift to the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. See p. 26.

FREE SAMPLES of "Cuticura" Preparations will be sent to readers mentioning *John Bull* if they write to F. Newberry & Sons, 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. See p. 29.

UTILITY CHOCOLATE "BOXES." — Many people refrain from giving practical household articles at Xmas gifts because they appear so dull. Dainty packing and coloured ribbons help only partially to make a kettle into a thrilling present, but the difficulty has been completely overcome this year by Rowntree's, who have converted aluminium kettles, celery glasses, china teapots, glass trinket sets, salad bowls and many other useful articles into containers filled with choice assorted Chocolates. One particularly ingenious container of this description is an aluminium egg poacher, a domestic appliance which is all too rarely found in a kitchen. Good quality toys have also been treated in the same way. One cuddlesome woolly dog bearing a box of Gipsy Chocolates round his neck will be loved by every child lucky enough to find him in his Xmas stocking.

FREE.—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Dept. 11R), Norwich, for a copy of their Egg Register as offered on p. 29.

FREE.—Get your boy to write for the wonderful new MECCANO BOOK, profusely illustrated, and describing famous engineering feats. A copy can be secured post free in return for names and addresses of three of his chums.—Address, Meccano, Ltd. (Dept. 20), Old Swan, Liverpool.

PROVIDE for your future comfort and independence by the Pearl way. You can secure a cash sum for any selected period by a plan of simple payments to suit your convenience. For full particulars, write Pearl Assurance Co., Ltd., High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

FREE.—Three trial tubes of Velouty de D'Oyer will be sent to readers filling in coupon in the advt. on p. 27. Enclose 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, etc., and mention *John Bull*.

THE "ATORA" famous book of 100 tested recipes can be obtained free on receipt of a recipe and 12 readers mention *John Bull*. Address: Hudson & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

SHAKE your own beer from "VIGGORMALT" home brewing outfit, consisting of rich malt and hops only. Simply add cold water. For full particulars, write Viggormalt, Ltd., Dept. 4V, Davidge Road, Hove, Sussex.

# JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

**EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 2.**

THE ORIGINAL

## READICUT RUG WOOL

CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE FREE OF CHARGE

Cable and 6-fold. 100 shades.

FROM 1/- PER LB.

*Send a postcard for* **FREE** Rug Book, containing 33 coloured Rug Designs and Samples of Wools, Canvas, etc.

READICUT WOOL CO., Dept. J.B., OSSETT, YKS.

## SOUTH WESTERN HUTS & GARAGES

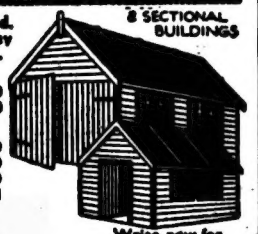
Prices again reduced. Buy now before they rise. Carriage Paid.

GARAGES.
10' x 7' £6 6 0
15' x 9' £10 19 0

HUTS.
6' x 4' £2 15 0
8' x 5' £3 16 0
10' x 7' £5 18 0
⅜" Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

8 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS



Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1922), Ltd., Dept. J. High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771.

## CROYDON STORES FOR VALUE!

### BEST OF ALL

Not to be confused with cheaper pliancie footwear, these shoes are indistinguishable from high grade welted Patent shoes, but definitely more comfortable. Extra thick sole and heel, solid rubber, moulded to glossy uppers. Rain, snow and damp cannot penetrate. Strong lining throughout. Keep feet warm and dry in severest weather. Ideal for tender feet. Thousands of delighted wearers. Must be seen to be appreciated. Sizes 11 to 3 for children.

Per Pair **3/-** Postage and packing 9d. extra.

Sizes 4 to 11 for men and women. Per Pair **3/9** Postage 9d. extra.

### EX GOVT KHAKI RIDING BREECHES

Just the thing for drivers, roundsmen, farming, stables and sports wear. Genuine Army surplus unused goods. Extra strong Khaki Serge. Wear for years. Smartly cut and perfectly finished with two side pockets. Sizes 28 to 32 ins. waist.

Order now to secure. State waist m'sure.

PER PAIR **4/6** Postage 9d. extra.

Also Khaki Bedford Cord 6/9, and Blue Melton Cloth 7/6. Sizes 30 to 40ins.

### REAL LEATHER JERKINS

Lined Heavy Khaki Flannel.

GENUINE 35/- VALUE. Ideal for Motor-cyclists, Labourers, Driving, Golfing, and all outdoor work. Strongly made from finest quality Tan Leather with thick lining throughout. Keeps you cosily warm in the bitterest weather. Wind and rain cannot penetrate. *Send order now, stating chest measure over waistcoat.*

**10/6** EACH. Postage 9d. extra.

Also suitable as Ladies' undercoats. Sizes 36 & 38.

### 25/- SOLID RUBBER WELLINGTONS

Ideal for Farming, Fishing, Shooting, Garage & Stable Work.

Huge cash purchase enables us to offer these high-grade Wellingtons at less than half original price. Superior in quality and finish to any being offered below 35/-. Knee length, with triple reinforced ankle and instep, extra thick non-slip sole, warm lining throughout. Finest quality rubber with dull black finish. RIP BOOTS, all sizes, 15/-, post 1s. extra.

**10/-** PER PAIR. *Postage 1/- extra.* All Sizes 6 to 12.

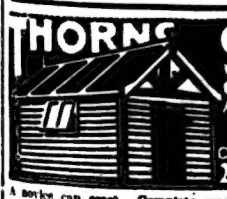
*Send for a pair now.*

*Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*

J.B., CROYDON STORES, 2, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON.

## THORNE SALE

GARDEN SHEDS FROM 29/- DOWN OR 27/- CASH CARR PD



A novice can erect. Complete ready for use. 6 sections to nail together. ¾-in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Delivery to door can be arranged anywhere.

| Long. | Wide. | High. | Cash Sale Price. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6ft. | 4ft. | 6ft. | £2.10.0 | or 6/9 monthly. |
| 8ft. | 5ft. | 6ft. | £3.17.6 | or 8/6 monthly. |
| 10ft. | 7ft. | 8ft. | £5. 0.0 | or 10/3 monthly. |

Carriage Paid. Send for Special Sale Catalogue, No. 46, of Sheds, 27/-; Garages, 73/-; Army Huts, etc., showing huge reductions. Over 1,000 sizes and designs.

J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Box 46) Brampton Rd. Bexleyheath, Kent.

## BABY-CLOTHES

CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG or SHORT CLOTHES LAYETTE **30/-**

(Everything necessary and ready for use.)

70 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath, Robes, Lawn or Winsey, Day Gowns, Utensils, Flan., or Winsey Nightie, Wrapper Vests, Bath Flannels, Hand-knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Blankets, Feeders, Large Turk Napkins, etc.

PURCHASERS Write: "Highly satisfied." "Beyond my highest hopes." "Excellent materials and make." "A bargain! I shall certainly recommend." "Worth 50/-" Etc.

SIZE **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL (Cash or Terms) Mrs. J.B. Howard, 91, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

## GUM BOOTS MADE LIKE A MOTOR TYRE

Gum boots that are made like a motor tyre and equally as solid. Exactly as supplied to the Forces. We guarantee these to be practically indestructible and to give endless hard wear in the roughest use. For occasional wear, will last a lifetime.

SATISFACTION OR FREE GIFT OF 1/-

Send for a pair now, and if not completely satisfied, we will give you 1/- recompense for your trouble. Ideal for farm, navy, dock use, fishing, shooting, garage. Every pair guaranteed.

Postage 1/-. Sizes 7 to 11. C.O.D. if preferred. **8/9**

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD.

## IT'S THE SOLES OF YOUR SHOES THAT MATTER

ASK YOUR SHOE REPAIRER FOR PURITAN LEATHER SOLES

Longer Wear Greater Comfort

CVS-23

ONLY NINE MORE DAYS!
John Bull's Great Xmas Gift offer closes December 31ST
John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher
VALUE 5/-
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as Five Shillings in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until December 31, 1932.
10/- for 5/-
ALL BRITISH
John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher
VALUE 2/6
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until December 31, 1932.
5/- for 2/6

**Only nine more days and the most amazingly popular Gift Offer ever made by "John Bull" to its readers will have come to an end.**

If you have not yet accepted it, there is still time, provided your application is received not later than first post, Monday, January 2nd. We again repeat the offer: The 5/- Xmas Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 5/- cash in part payment of "John Bull's" magnificent 10/- Writing Set de luxe **OR** you may send the 2/6 Xmas Gift Voucher in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. Either set will give you lasting pleasure. Which one will you have?

**DON'T BE TOO LATE.**

This is the opportunity of a lifetime to procure a really high grade Pen and Pencil Set at a fraction of its real value. Act at once!

### 5/- WRITING SET FOR 2/6

Admire the handsome chasing of the Pen, the superb finish. The self-filling device is the very latest and the 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, will give years of writing joy. A 2-year written guarantee is sent with each pen, proof of its great reliability. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match complete with refills and pocket clip is a perfect companion.

### 10/- WRITING SET OFFERED FOR 5/-

The graceful streamline, the superb finish, greatly enhanced by the rolled gold band and pocket clip, is a delight to the eye. The pen is fitted with heavy 14-carat solid gold nib, tipped with costly iridium. An up-to-date lever self-filling device is also of rolled gold. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match has the same beautiful streamline, and is complete with pocket clip and extra leads. This set is enclosed in a handsome presentation case, beautifully coloured with butterfly tints. A five years' written guarantee is sent with each De Luxe set.

## *Cash Your Gift Voucher To-day*

**All applications received by Friday, December 23rd, will be despatched before Xmas.**

### "John Bull's" Xmas Gift Coupon.

**To "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. J.7, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.**

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/6, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 2/9 in all. Pocket Clip for Pen 3d. extra.

**OR**

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value Five Shillings which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

**CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.**

Name.....

Address .....

.....

Fine—medium—broad nib (Cross out grades not required).
Cross Cheque/P.O. / & Co. / and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 24/12/32.

# 250,000

## pairs of men's British-made

# BOOTS & SHOES

## NOW AVAILABLE

***for regular and new smokers of 'CLUBS'***

**Style A.**
HEAVY DERBY BOOT
In Black. Stout English Leather Soles. Standard Screwed and stitched sleft. *Broad Fitting.*

**Style B.**
LIGHT-WEIGHT DERBY BOOT
In Black. Welted Soles. *Medium Fitting.*

**Style C.**
MEDIUM-WEIGHT OXFORD SHOE
In Black Box. Welted Soles. *Medium Fitting.*

**Style D.** MEDIUM-WEIGHT OXFORD SHOE In Tan. Welted Soles. *Medium Fitting.*

**Style E.**
LIGHT-WEIGHT OXFORD SHOE In Black. Welted Soles *Pointed Toe.*

**Style F.** LIGHT-WEIGHT OXFORD SHOE In Tan. Welted Soles. *Pointed Toe.*

**Style G.**
MEDIUM-WEIGHT GIBSON SHOE
In Black Box. Stout Welted Soles. *Broad Fitting.*

CARRERAS'

# 'CLUBS'

## *The best 5 for 2d. cigarettes*

A PAIR OF ANY OF THESE BRITISH-MADE BOOTS OR SHOES IS YOURS FOR ONLY

**285** EMPTY 'CLUBS' FIVES PACKETS OR 142 TENS PACKETS

**In making this offer, we have placed the largest order ever given for boots and shoes by any one firm, and it will bring employment to a great number of workers in the shoe trade. These boots and shoes are BRITISH-MADE from quality leather. Ten factories are now working day and night to meet the demand of 'CLUBS' smokers.**

*Available in these sizes:*

5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½, 12.

*State clearly style and size required*

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JOHN BULL

# Scrooges of TO-DAY

THURSDAY,

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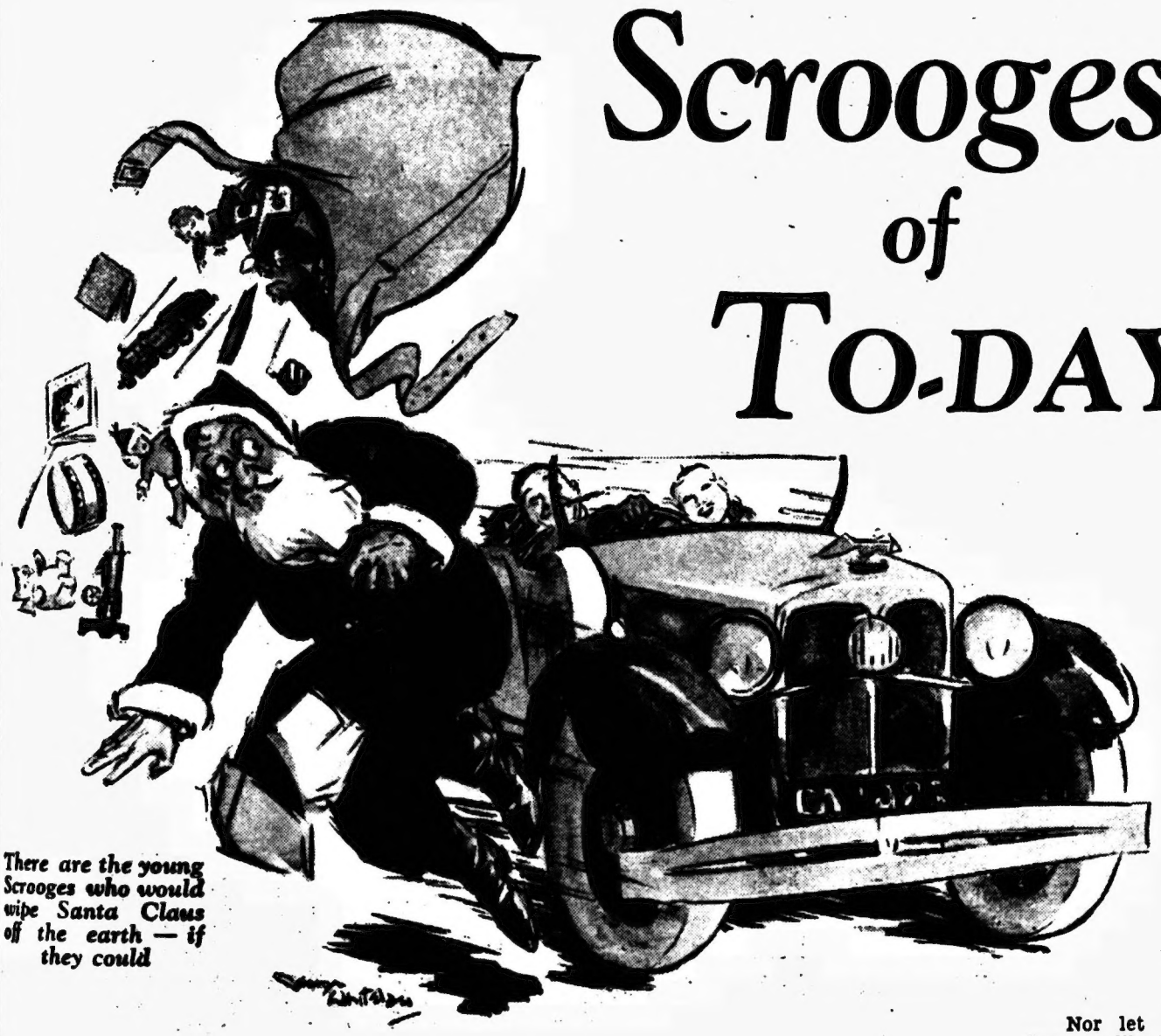


*There are the young Scrooges who would wipe Santa Claus off the earth — if they could*

HAS the ghost of Old Marley called to warn them yet—the Scrooges of To-day?

Has he brought his clanking fetters into their bedrooms and moaned into their affrighted ears:

"I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me"?

Has the troubled, restless spectre threatened them with the visitation of the Three Spirits—the Ghost of Christmas Past, the Ghost of Christmas Present, and the Ghost of the Christmas Yet to Come?

If not, there is just time to escape them all. And only just.

The Scrooges of To-day disbelieve in ghosts, do they? So did Scrooge—until they came to see him.

There are thousands of business Scrooges to-day. They pretend that Christmas is just a waste of time. They grudge their clerks and their workmen two days off.

They protest, like the original Scrooge, that the twenty-fifth of December is "a poor excuse for picking a man's pocket." They say they would "prefer to be at work," and they slouch out of their offices as though the Babe in the Manger had conspired with their staffs to cheat them.

Perhaps they don't really mean it, but the fact that they pretend to puts them in grave danger of having to wear Old Marley's chains or to lie awake in Scrooge's bed.

Everybody has met the woman who grumbles at the fag and the fuss involved by entertaining.

She scowls her face into wrinkles about the matter of shopping. She snaps at her tradesmen, and "thanks goodness that Christmas comes only once a year."

The female of the Scrooge species is more often than not worse than the male. She thinks it would be a good idea to send postcards to adult relatives and friends suggesting that the exchange of presents should be abandoned. "After all, my dear, it's only a habit, and they'll send us something we don't want, and it'll save money, and in these days. . . ."

And the anti-Christmas card Scrooges. A little difficult for them to get away with it, but they try hard. They argue that somebody must take the lead in stopping the "foolish custom," and reason that no matter how many greetings are sent to them they will send none in return.

That will save a pound or two, and all the So-and-so's will soon realise what a sensible economy it is. But will they? Or will they realise something quite different, and will the friendships of yesteryear gradually thin into ghosts?

There are those who think romping games, and charades, and such-like follies will be so harmful to the children's digestion, and that "a quiet little read" and then early to bed will be so much healthier and wiser. Besides it will save the furniture. And "dressing-up" is so silly.

LET any man and woman sit down for a few minutes and think just how many Scrooges can be reckoned up. The number may be a rather staggering one.

Think of the Scrooges (and pray not to be one of them) who chase the carol singers away from the doorstep.

We know that carollers sing out of tune. We know that they are little rascals just out for pennies. But we know also that most of them have a thin time, and we would rather hear two or three tuneless little voices shrilling "Hark! the herald-angels sing" or "God rest ye merry, gentlemen" than have our porch shrouded in silence.

So wish them a merry Christmas, spare a copper or two, and then come indoors and sing a carol yourselves. That is one sure recipe for keeping Old Marley's ghost away.

There are young Scrooges, too, and most unpleasant young Scrooges they are. They sneer loftily at the idea of Santa Claus, put on airs if they are not allowed to go to the shops to choose their own presents, pretend to be too bored to be surprised, too blasé to exhibit joy.

The ghosts will not come to them just yet. But they will come later.

And there are the young men and the young women Scrooges who are not content to stay at home on Christmas night to jolly up "the Guv'nor" and "the Mater," and to help them forget their worries. The sooner the ghosts come to them the better.

Nor let us forget the organised bodies of Scrooges like those who have just been prohibiting decent God-fearing men and women dancing in even the first few minutes of the New Year because those first few minutes will be on a Sunday.

They say it is the law. Well, let them wink at the law, and let them sing the 150th Psalm: ". . . Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet: praise Him with the psaltery and harp. Praise Him with the timbrel and dance: praise Him with stringed instruments and organs. . . ."

DICKENS' Scrooge was "very glad to hear" that the Treadmill and the Poor Law were in full vigour. They provided his excuse for refraining from charity.

How many Scrooges are there to-day who mutter about the "dole," about Public Assistance Committees, about "too-much-fussing-and-coddling-that's-what's-the-matter-with-'em"? How many are there who pass along the street and, seeing the apparently down-and-outs, take refuge in the reflection that they are "probably rogues, anyway"?

And how many semi-Scrooges are there—those who give a Christmas box and then sit back with the "that's that" feeling?

Let them by all means give their donations, but let them do just the little bit extra; let them call at an unhappy home—they are easy enough to find—and take that bit of cheer that only a kindly thought and a personal action can take. Then there will be no ghosts for them.

It took four ghosts to teach the old original Scrooge his lesson. Then he leaped from his bed and shouted: "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy, I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

So let the Scrooges of to-day jump to it with a "Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

If they do not, the ghosts will most assuredly come, and the modern Scrooges may die of fright without hearing the modern Tiny Tims saying "God Bless Us, Every One."

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

# Making it A Merry Christmas for All

## A Merry Christmas to all our Readers!

THERE are a million and a half and more of them.

We know that among this vast number must be some to whom, owing to the stress of circumstances, it cannot be a very merry Christmas.

In their case, we add to our wish the hope that they will find, at this season of the year especially, many kind friends around them to brighten their lot.

### *The right spirit*

The cynics and belittlers of humanity are always with us. And if we listen to them we may be tempted to think there isn't a kind heart left in the world.

So we don't listen.

We prefer instead to listen to a young man of twenty-three, who, since he has no idea we are broadcasting his good deed, shall remain anonymous.

### *A word of cheer*

He has just written to us from his home in Yeovil, Somerset, for the addresses of those "Big-Hearted Little Mothers" whose stories we related in JOHN BULL not long ago.

He wants this Christmas time to be a Santa Claus to them—to write each of them a little letter of encouragement, admiration and good will.

### *Better than money*

"I have very little money," he says. "I can't be a philanthropist in the money sense. But there's one thing most of us can do, whatever our circumstances.

"By a little thought we can be the means of bringing happiness to others who are more unfortunate than ourselves."

Of course he's right. Most of us, like him, are not well off. But there are dozens of kindly little deeds that cost nothing to perform, though they help to make the world a happier place to live in.

### *Hard-hearted*

Let us all, for one thing, show a little more sympathy than the officialdom which has decreed that Florrie Stitson must return to school immediately.

Florrie is one of the Little Mothers we mentioned. She is thirteen, and has to look after seven brothers and sisters, for her mother has for a long time been very ill.

Her father cannot afford a housekeeper, and so he has kept Florrie, who in any case would soon finish her schooling, at home.

For that he has been prosecuted. Now he has been warned that "the law must take its course."

Well, officialdom can learn a lot from the letter of the anonymous Good Samaritan who wants to help the Little Mothers.

And so can all of us.

### *Local bunglers*

The Government admits we were right.

Time after time we have severely criticised various local councils for gross mismanagement of their financial affairs. Only last week we announced that Newcastle had agreed to our demand for public enquiry into its finances.

Now the Minister of Health states that 125 extraordinary audits of local councils' accounts have been made in the past two years, and that 106 revealed irregularities, while thirteen have not yet been completed.

Could there be more damning proof of our allegations?

### *The case is altered*

One thing must be said about the proposed cuts in railwaymen's wages.

They would be monstrous at any time, but the latest railway traffic figures show a decided improvement.

The fall in receipts is gradually being checked. Though weekly takings are down compared with last year, the drop has been much less in the last few weeks than it was earlier in the year, when the companies' claim for wage reductions was first lodged.

## Big Law Reforms Coming

### *Sunday Films Wrangle*

*They are left to squabble by Parliament—and the man in the street is left to wonder why . . .*

### *Inevitable evil*

The Minister of Health must modify the new Rent Restrictions Bill. For it proposes to allow a landlord to regain possession of a controlled house on the ground of overcrowding by his tenants.

But in many industrial areas overcrowding is inevitable at present.

And it's no remedy to turn unlucky tenants into the street.

### *Unnecessary evil*

We break a lance with the Minister of Health on another matter.

Local authorities can lend money to house purchasers at an interest rate of 4½ per cent., but the Ministry wants them to transfer applicants to building societies, who will charge 5½ per cent. interest. Why?

### *The golden lining*

There's one bright spot in the war debts muddle.

Both the Treasury and the Bank of England have now agreed, following the decision to pay our instalment to America, that Britain must not return to the gold standard for several years.

The other nations attending the World Economic Conference are being told this, so we should hear no more about the attempt to force us back to the system which started many of our present troubles.

### *Not good enough*

There's something to be said for the League of National Life's campaign to abolish childless homes. It may teach a much-needed lesson to those Mayfair folk who can afford to have children but selfishly refuse.

But we can think of a better campaign. And that would seek to help the people who have babies but, through no fault of their own, can't afford to look after them properly.

### *Kinemas and sin*

We are tired of the localised disturbances about the opening of kinemas on Sunday.

The people of this country are as decent and straight-living as could be found, and why should they be forced to quarrel about this question is because Parliament was too timid to settle it, and left it to "local option"?

Souls are not going to be saved by shutting the kinemas any more than they are going to be damned by opening them, and the ordinary, everyday Christians can employ their time much better than in squabbling about a thing like this. They will do more harm than good by continuously staging Parsons *v.* Pictures bouts.

### *Hustling*

Look out for another bold speeding-up in the High Courts.

Important changes are being considered by the Lord Chancellor, and an announcement will probably be made early in the New Year.

Two new judges are likely to be appointed, and a number of special commissioners sent on assize work to clear up the arrears in the courts.

But that is not all.

### *Further law reforms*

The Lord Chancellor has appointed a committee, with Lord Hanworth as chairman, to report on similar questions.

These include the grand jury system, shorter legal holidays, and the frequency of assizes in such counties as Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford.

We were grateful when the Lord Chancellor met our long-repeated demands for quicker justice. We shall be still more grateful if he carries his reforms a step further.

### *The hardest of Benches*

We have often said strong words about magistrates, but we can't think of any strong enough to apply to the Swindon Bench.

Thomas Garraway, a railway labourer, stole a pair of old iron wheels and an axle to make an invalid chair for his dying wife. It was his first offence, but the magistrates sent him to jail for a month.

When the woman sank lower and called piteously for her husband, Sir R. Mitchell Banks, the local M.P., hastened to see the Home Secretary.

### *Too late*

The Home Secretary was due at a Cabinet meeting within ten minutes. But he at once began the necessary enquiries. They were too late.

Garraway has lost both his wife and his job.

### *Depth of infamy*

There may be a meaner rogue than Henry Trevelyan, but we hope not.

This man, a London actor, told his landlady that her husband had been injured and taken to hospital. While the anxious woman was vainly searching the hospitals, Trevelyan stole her blankets and vanished.

The magistrate sent him to jail for six months and said he had reached the depths of dirt. And the magistrate was right.

### *Good example*

There's rejoicing in the little Welsh town of Dolgarrog.

Because trade has slightly improved, the wages of every man employed in the local aluminium works have been restored to the higher level of eigh months ago.

That firm is wise, for it knows higher wages mean a wider prospe

### *Good luck to them*

The lives of a hundred colliers endangered by a fire which broke ou a pit near Ormskirk.

That they were all saved was p due to the heroic work of Tom Ga and Harry Bradshaw, who stuck to job in the boiler-house although the was ablaze.

A Merry Christmas to them. deserve it.

### *Unwanted life*

So Frederick Powell has reprieved. Naturally, we're though we know that Powell w prefer to die.

You will remember how this S London man and his wife decide commit suicide together. The wo died, the man survived and charged with murder.

"Two very sick, utterly hopeless, bitterly poor people," was how judge described them. For Mrs. P was dying of heart disease and husband of tuberculosis, and paying the rent they had only 2s. a week to "live" upon.

### *Black cap mummery*

Yet the judge had no alternative to assume the black cap and cond this wretched man to death!

A fortnight ago we protested ag this sentence being passed when t is no intention of carrying it out.

We repeat our protest now. Wit condoning suicide, we say emphati that very young people, sick mot and poor devils like Powell shoul spared the mental agony imposed an out-of-date law.

### *Still lucky*

One of the most amazing swin we have recently exposed is Ar Taylor, who is such a master of that he managed to become an a to two political parties.

He has just pleaded guilty to br ing and entering a house at Ca Island and stealing various goods, to converting to his own use a gra phone belonging to a big Lon store.

And he has merely been bound o How much longer is his amazing to last?

### *Exchange is no robbery*

A London elementary school has opened its own telephone excha It has been made by the children of odd scraps of metal and wire, is operated by them.

Some people will probably think children would be better employe their ordinary lessons.

We don't. A little practical exp ence in using the things of to-da far better than learning about things of yesterday.

### *Another win*

The Home Office has given way.

A few weeks ago we told how Bri women are liable to be sent to jail failing to register as aliens, just beca they have married foreigners.

We cited the case of Mrs. G Tyndall, of Newent, who was fined the alternative of going to prison. the Home Office has been stung recognising her as an Englishwoman

We hope it will show the same jus to other women in Mrs. Tyndall's dicament.

### *Did you know?*

The pension of a widow aged m than fifty-five, and whose husb died before January 4, 1926, is w drawn when her youngest child is teen.

A fresh form of application has to completed before it can be restored.

We receive so many enquiries on point that it deserves to be m widely known.

# MARCONI *discusses*

# The Wireless MIRACLE

EVER since the first Christmas message was given to the world, nearly two thousand years ago, few inventions can have done more to engender the Christmas spirit than the Wireless.

It is easy to imagine how in far-off days a few isolated Christians exchanged greetings by word of mouth only, because there were so few other ways of doing so.

All through the ages we have heard of rulers of various lands sending envoys with gifts and messages of good will to kings of other countries. Often these envoys were obliged to make long hazardous journeys under the most difficult conditions in order to fulfil their mission of "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men."

But even within the memory of most of us are days when letters had to be despatched long before the festive season if they were to reach the far corners of the earth by the right time. That is unless we happened to be among the chosen few who could afford a cablegram.

Wireless has changed all this.

In fact, it may truly be described as a modern miracle. What other invention has brought about such unity, not only among individuals, but among nations; or has provided the means of enabling the nations to understand each other? All that makes for peace on earth and good will among men.

## A *world-language*

THERE may be differences of language, but there is always, for one thing, the international language of music. We can all understand that and appreciate it in some form or another. Maybe you in England will be listening-in this Christmastide to people singing carols in a distant land. You may not know what they are singing about—that is to say, the actual words. But the spirit expressed by them is easily understood, for it is universal.

Wireless, too, has come to us as a tremendous educational force. The foreign signals and announcements are soon understood, and each nation learns something of how the other lives, in a human manner through the medium of voices and sounds.

I do not know how Wireless is progressing in India at present, with its innumerable tongues, but I do foresee the day when the whole of the British Empire will be linked up by Wireless.

At future Christmases, not so far ahead, you in England will be able to listen-in any evening to Australia and all parts of the English-speaking world as easily as now you tune in to Radio Paris or Berlin.

I think, too, that it will not be long before we shall not only regard it as a commonplace to listen-in, but "see-in." And when that happens Wireless and Television combined will give us more wonderful Christmases than any we have yet known.

Not only that, but, as Wireless becomes more perfect, sets will be cheaper than ever, and there will be great improvements in the cutting-out of all interference.

## Great *barrier broken*

YOU listeners in England will no longer be annoyed by your neighbour's refrigerator, or the trams stopping at the end of the road. Even to-day, considering the rapid strides that have been made by Radio during the last few years, you have not so much to grumble at.

Another thing the Radio set has done is to enable those in the poorest homes to hear the best music and the best artists of the world. That in itself has broken down one great barrier between rich and poor.

The Radio set this Christmastide may be in a cottage in quiet country surroundings; on rough, wind-swept coasts; in a tenement in the East End of London; or in a West End flat. It makes no difference. All can join in the same share.

All can dance, if they wish, to the strains of a band from a fashionable London hotel. They can even hear the laughter, imagine the fun, enter into the spirit of it all, though separated from the performers by hundreds of miles.

Chimes from all the great Continental cathedrals! That was a Radio feature of last year. Think of all Europe listening-in to the Great Message ringing out from these famous and varied places of worship!

*"We are only getting a glimpse now of what is to come"—Marchese Marconi, the genius who gave practical Wireless to the world, conducting one of his short-wave experiments*

What can be said of British homes may also be said of those in my own country. Many of my people will listen-in to the B.B.C. programmes this Christmas, just as many of you will listen-in to the familiar Italian voice calling *Radio Roma e Napoli*.

It is true, I am sure you will agree, that Wireless is certainly the greatest force we have for bringing about Peace, and, therefore, it is peculiarly suited to this season, when we are all expressing feelings of good will.

These feelings cannot exist between the peoples of different nations unless they know something of one another, how they live, and, at such a time as this, how they celebrate the great Christian Festival.

Another point I would like to stress is what Wireless has done for home life. It is true that this Christmas time many people will go out to find amusement and relaxation. But it is equally true that others will be tempted, as never before, to remain at home before a comfortable fire, listening-in. Wireless has helped tremendously to preserve the joy of the family circle.

Think, too, of those families where there are absent ones—of the sailor, for instance, who may have no leave at the festive season longing for a voice from home. He listens to the Radio on board his ship; Christmas carols are being sung. He knows his dear ones are listening to them. So is he. He hears a music-hall comedian, and the happy memory comes to him that the last time he heard that particular song was when he laughed at it with his wife by his side.

"A happy Christmas to everybody!" He has heard the Voice from Home.

When, as I hope, this Christmas will be a happy one not only in bringing peace and good will into your homes, but into the homes of the whole Christian world, I feel glad to think that Wireless will play a big part in the realisation of that hope. Wireless—which has become so much more than a scientific achievement—a great invention, or a miracle if you care to call it that.

## *Winging the Message*

I LIKE to remember that to-day it is undoubtedly the greatest medium in the world for spreading better understanding between men and women of all nations, and linking up all together in a better recognition of the Message given us by a Little Child born in a stable nearly two thousand years ago.

Truly we can call the Miracle of Wireless a great warm, friendly arm which to-day encircles the whole world, and, more particularly at a time like this, unites all humanity.

Even so, the full possibilities of this great new force have not been explored yet. We are only getting a glimpse now of what is to come.

# OUR WARNING IGNORED, and now the NEW PLAGUE.

HE is a pretty little fellow with all the best qualities of appearance of the cat, the water rat, and the rabbit. He has bright eyes, a charming alertness and a head so merged with his rich reddish brown body that they seem to belong to the same ball of fluff.

And his coat—well, ask any woman who has ever sighed for musquash.

At first you would love him, would willingly subscribe to any organisation started in his defence. That anyone should want to hound him down would sicken you.

But once you were made acquainted with one-tenth of his villainies you would join in the growing clamour for his extinction.

For he is the musk rat—the rat that has already swept through vast areas of Europe in a devastating army and may yet prove to be the pest that will eat up England.

## *Disastrous blunder*

Not more than ten years have elapsed since a mere box-full of his forefathers was brought to London by air to be the nucleus of the most ambitious fur-breeding attempt ever planned in this country. Yet—so prolific is he—to-day he numbers millions.

Already he threatens to be the worst pest this country has known since the Asiatic rat all but wiped out London by carrying the Black Death. And, unless effaced from this country by next summer by the most ruthless and determined means of extermination this country can employ, he may well become a bigger menace to the well-being of Great Britain than if the most voracious jungle beasts had been introduced here in unmanageable numbers.

It has all happened just as JOHN BULL foretold nearly two years ago, when, producing definite evidence that musk rats had been seen at large, we called on the Government to wipe out all at present in the country and put an embargo on more coming in twelve months before the authorities saw fit to act.

That that advice was not followed at once is regarded by experts everywhere as a disastrous blunder.

There is no more destructive rodent in the world than this fluffy little fellow with the charming coat.

## *Is it too late?*

The water supplies of our cities and the safety of all our low-lying lands, not to speak of the danger to the smaller animal life of our farms, depends on ridding the country of him entirely.

He can undermine a main railway line so that no sign of outward damage is visible, eating more and more into the heart of it until a strain proves too much for it and a sudden collapse or landslide occurs which may send an express train hurtling to disaster.

He can make the banks of reservoirs, canals and rivers so porous that they burst, pouring vast torrents into the low-lying country around.

He can so undermine grazing lands in the neighbourhood of water that they are no longer safe for the foot of man or beast; spread active pollution in the drinking water of large communities; and dam small waterways so effectively that they go out of their courses with consequent heavy damage to the adjacent property.

And all the time he is taking heavy toll of crops; tearing the bark off trees or eating away the roots so that they go crashing to the ground; playing havoc with any food stores into which he can venture with safety; destroying fish and, when extreme hunger moves him to it, even killing sucking pigs and poultry.

That is what he can do. It is what he is doing already in countries of Central Europe that are involved in constant and expensive repairs to waterways, railways and roads.

Have we begun our war of extermination too late to save Britain from the same fate?

The situation here is already a perilous one. The British Museum has viewed it so seriously that it has pressed on the Government the need for an immediate survey of all the waterways of the kingdom.

And the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, has added to the warning the opinion that "it is already certain that the country is in for an expensive time," and sent some of its experts to the stricken district.

The musk rat has already been shot in the streets of Shrewsbury. The whole county of Shropshire—undoubtedly the county that is hardest hit by the scourge—is mobilised against him.

In numbers he has crossed the Welsh border, has burrowed into the banks of the Severn so extensively that the Earl of Ilchester has told the House of Lords that a survey along many miles of this river has shown that you can't go ten yards without sign of him.

He has been seen within a few miles of Liverpool's gigantic reservoir at Lake Vyrnwy, Montgomery. And, although the reassuring statement has been made that he can do nothing to send this huge water storage (nine miles long and one hundred and forty feet deep) pouring into the valleys—so strong are its banks—the fact remains that there are many resorvoirs of which this cannot be said.

Already an authoritative waterways body has expressed the fear that the musk rate will penetrate the banks of the Gloucestershire and Sharpness Canal, which is banked up over the level of the surrounding country for many miles, and so liberate the water the moment the strain becomes too much.

## *Nothing is safe*

In Scotland a specimen as big as a cat worked its way into 800 ft. of water pipe and had already begun to pollute the drinking water when found in an intercepting tank.

If the musk rat is allowed to get thoroughly out of hand, is anything safe? When the same danger threatened the great Saale dam in Thuringia, one of the strongest and finest in Europe, a staff of trappers had to be stationed permanently at the base. This suggests that we do not even yet appreciate how great the danger can be.

In Austria they have found that this invading pest plays as much havoc with the stoutest river bank as the death watch beetle with the timbers of an old cathedral.

Representatives of the Ministry of Agriculture have been rushed to Germany to study the methods employed against musk rats in that country, and Herr Roth, a Bavarian, one of the greatest experts in the world at repressing the pest, is expected to accept an official invitation to come here and give us a hand.

In the face of that it doesn't appear that any single body in this country is yet in a position to say what they can or cannot do.

Nor is the trouble confined to this part of the country, where the musk rat is estimated to number a million. The pest has, in fact, been seen in large or small numbers in no fewer than fourteen British counties.

One of the most alarming features is that advance guards, which may well represent a big encroaching army, have been seen in the north of Essex, well on the way towards the East Anglian and Lincolnshire fen country, which is so highly sensitive that it might offer them a natural home from which they could never be effaced. Here, where vast stretches of low-lying countryside depend on the soundness of banks, the peril would be greater than in any other part of England.

*This is the roden which menace the entire coun try. Those sharp relentless teet threaten to spread devastation al the more appal ling because o its insidiousnes*

Even in Surrey, not far from W bridge, and only twelve miles from river Thames, the musk rat has b seen scurrying over ditches, or sw ming in brooks by the use of his pa ally-webbed feet and curious oar- tail.

In Scotland, particularly Perthsh he is breeding over a wide area, and number is increasing noticeably ev day.

In Montgomeryshire, Cheshire, Herefordshire he has already est lished himself in such force as be considered a real menace, and has been seen in at least eleven ot counties.

## *The war begins*

In Shropshire, where the trouble spread over more than three hund and fifty miles, the Ministry of Agric ture is making Herculean efforts to the situation in hand.

Thirty trappers who have tried eve thing from poison gas to shot guns, some of whom have had Canadian perience, are working in an ever-closi circle, killing as they go, and they h to reach the centre and complete

# The RAT that is EATING UP England

*River banks undermined—the surrounding countryside flooded—this is but one of the many dangers with which the musk rat threatens us*

daughter by the early part of next summer.

It is to this zone that the German expert will be sent.

But the other centres are quite rightly asking what is to happen to them if over-concentration on the West Country has the result of allowing the pest to get out of hand in other parts?

Past experience shows beyond doubt that every week of delay invites disaster where the musk rat is concerned. There is no other rodent so prolific.

## *Expensive furs!*

It is estimated that there are no fewer than 300,000,000 of him in Europe to-day, all descendants of five that were taken from their natural home in North America to a nobleman's estate in Prague in 1905. The colossal damage that they do is part of the cost we must pay for the furs of our womenfolk.

The Crown Prince of Germany aggravated the trouble by buying some for himself in an effort to foster musquash breeding on one of his own estates; but the fact remains that the five original musk rats of Prague have been responsible for all the trouble caused throughout Europe by this pest and for the expenditure of millions of pounds in keeping it down.

When the first few specimens escaped they took Europe unawares. Within a few weeks they had swum the Danube and other rivers and tributaries and begun the invasion of Austria, Germany, Switzerland, and other countries which they have since completed.

How far the pest has penetrated since then can best be shown by the fact that Norway has had to undertake sternly repressive measures, and that no fewer than a hundred million of the musk rat—since increased to three times that number—were reported throughout Europe in 1927.

By that year Vienna, Munich, and many other large cities had been invaded, and the "Watch on the Rhine" had become a watch for the treacherous little creature that gives womankind its musquash coat.

His methods are not only highly dangerous. They are amazing.

From beneath the surface of a river, canal or reservoir he will bore eighty feet of tunnelling horizontally into the bank, always beneath the waterline, in the course of a night. The corridor will end in a large chamber which will be his home.

When progeny begin to arrive—and a single pair will often breed eight or nine litters of about eight babies each in the course of a year, beginning when they are six months old—they soon start making little galleries of their own parallel with those tunnelled by their parents. Their little homes rise above those of their parents in the manner of mansion flats.

And so, always at night and unnoticed by the outside world, the undermining of a bank goes on and on until the strain proves too much, the collapse comes, and the bursting of the banks opens up the musk rat's corridors to the world for the first time.

## *Two rats: one plague!*

It has only to be borne in mind that one pair of musk rats can breed hundreds in the course of a very short time to realise the danger. Where a pair make their home this year a river bank might be as porous as a sponge twelve months hence. . . . It is like the story of the nail that, by saving a horse's shoe, would ultimately have saved a nation.

If, for instance, the two rats which escaped from a musquash farm five miles from Shrewsbury in 1927 had never gained their liberty, or if it had been possible to have hunted them down at once and to have killed them out of hand, this story would never have been written, and we should not have found ourselves in our present unenviable position. There would have been no need for the Ministry of Agriculture to have looked uncertainly and nervously into the future.

But the Order making it necessary for breeders to notify the purchase or sale of musk rats, and only keep them under licence, and which provides heavy penalties for any failure to do so, did not come into force until eight months ago. By the time the authorities had power to act the mischief had been done—the pest had bedded himself in and was breeding here even more prolifically than he had done on the Continent.

## *Fight them!*

To-day the situation is so alarming that any breach of the regulations is met with severity. Only a few weeks ago a breeder whose records of the number of musk rats in his possession were not immediately available to the inspector who called on two occasions to see them, was fined one pound in respect of the first date, three pounds for the second, and had to pay three pounds costs.

The experiences of Central European countries have been awful enough—but the experts are emphasising that they are as nothing to what we may expect here if the Ministry of Agriculture does not make up for our long delay in taking the matter seriously.

Here in England the musk rat can breed under more or less natural conditions. There is no cold, hard winter to suspend breeding for three months in the year, as in Alaska or middle Europe. The fens of Lincolnshire, the Severn basin and many low-lying parts of Scotland are more like his native haunts than any other part of the world.

The musk rat may well prove to be the rat that will eat up England. It is the responsibility of the Ministry of Agriculture to co-ordinate all our efforts and employ all the expert experience it can command while we can still boast that we have the finest and purest supplies of drinking water in the world.

We must not be afraid of the immediate cost. And if the Ministry feels it has not sufficient powers, it must take immediate steps to get them.

Already it may be too late to exterminate him, as was possible when JOHN BULL first issued its warning. But at least we should minimise the peril to the best of our ability.

# WHO WANTS MONEY?

SOME queer notices creep into the "Personal" columns of daily newspapers. But it is a long while since we have seen anything to equal a recent announcement made by the Paget Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., of 18, Savile Row, London, W.

It is addressed to "a large class of property owners who are not aware that they possess any property at all, and who therefore in many instances suffer privation, often for many years."

The Paget Guarantee Corporation takes more than a kindly interest in such folk. It is so concerned that it is prepared to place its vast resources and specialised knowledge at their service.

It is ready and willing to proffer advice to all who have expectations to money, investments, property, or legacies under wills, settlements, deeds, etc., on the death of friends or relatives or on fixed incomes or on money in Chancery or any other legal document or arrangement.

It does not care how remote the expectation or how small or large the amounts involved may be.

Such items can be capitalised, it declares. The corporation can raise the market value, either by sale outright or by negotiating an advance by the banks or "one of the great financial houses."

If desired, it can arrange for such advances to be out for any number of years, and the interest can be paid quarterly, half-yearly or yearly to suit the client's convenience.

As another branch of its business, this philanthropic concern is prepared to negotiate loans up to 70 per cent. of the purchase price to enable young doctors to acquire a practice or partnership.

In such cases, it is said, repayments can be arranged over a period of five to ten years.

How generous and thoughtful of the Paget Guarantee Corporation to anticipate the monetary requirements of others in this way! And how lavish of it to let its announcement run to over a hundred lines in the "Personal" columns!

But if people with remote expectations and struggling young medical men will be advised by us, they will leave the corporation's offers severely alone.

They merely represent an ingenious attempt to sidestep the Moneylenders Act of 1927, which was framed to stop the nuisance of touting circulars with which we all used to be pestered.

In spite of its inspiring title, the Paget Guarantee Corporation is nothing more than a moneylending concern.

Its directors are two men of Russian origin, who, having dropped their names of Davidof and Pincus Gersgorn, now prefer to be known as David and Philip Lannon.

Their record as dubious financiers is a bad one, and last October JOHN BULL revealed that they were hovering in the background of a big Monte Carlo sweepstake scheme.

Any offer emanating from such a source should be shunned

Hanner Swaffer's *Open Letter to* SIR JAMES BARR

# You must make a *New Will*

DEAR SIR JAMES, — When, speaking to your fellow authors the other day, you made your will in public, leaving to the Authors' Club your "joy in hard work" and "everything connected with science and machinery," you had at least proved, not that "Where there is a will there is a way," but "Where there is a way there is a will." For you made your own way. And so you can make your own will.

Humorists, however, are sometimes misunderstood. Were you serious this time?

* * *

All the maxims of the Victorian age are old-fashioned and out of date. Dr. Smiles brought you and your generation up on "God helps those who help themselves," and remarks like that.

Alas! we have now discovered that many people helped themselves to too much.

This hard-work theory is all very well for authors. But what about the rest of the world? Unless they work less, there will be no work for anybody.

Authors, of course, should work hard —not in writing a lot, but in re-writing much more. The history of nearly every successful author is a history of plodding and grinding.

You, when you came to London as a free-lance journalist, lived on a few pence a day.

Shaw's earlier life in London was almost equally hard. But, fortunately, he, during most of his career, has been content with beans.

Yes, authors and painters and poets and composers, unless they have to struggle, cannot feel. And, if they cannot feel, they have nothing to say. Hard work makes them.

But, Sir James, I do not want the world to conclude from your words that hard work is the remedy for everything, or that "everything connected with science and machinery," which you will leave behind you, is such a blessing as we are apt to think.

To-day, "science and machinery" go blundering on, adding to our troubles, displacing human labour, giving us new opportunities for self-destruction, while, as for human beings in the mass, the more "hard work" each one of them does, the less work there is, in this mechanical age, for the fellow next door.

I am afraid your generation has very little to leave except blasted hopes and disillusionment.

You, at least, will leave us "Peter Pan," the greatest creation of its kind in European literature, and hundreds of impish fancies, wistful, charming, illuminating, which will survive the mass of muck churned out annually by the printing presses. You have written less nonsense than almost any man of your type.

But things have changed since you were young.

* * *

In those days, getting on was fashionable. Schoolmasters pointed with pride to old pupils who had Got On. Individualism was a god, Personal Ambition a creed, Wealth a heaven.

Now, well, we are realising that the more a man does for himself, the worse it is for everyone else. We are all caught in a jam.

You are not one of the greedy people. Those who know you best speak of your many acts of kindliness, which seldom see the light of day.

Before you pass on, add a codicil to this will of yours. Tell the world that you were talking only of authors when you spoke about hard work, and that you were joking about science and machinery.

Write some more words—you are one of the only people who could do it, your wonderful speech on Cour showed, a few years since—saying t the days of ambition are finished, that the new age will be one in wh science and machinery must lead, to hard work, but to easy leisure, that the redemption of the world only come when people are taught t they must be brothers one of anoth united for the purpose of making world a better place for all.

Still, yours is not the way of missionary. No, nor are you a propt You have always tempered y criticisms of the world with such tolerant good humour that the sm has always been covered with a lot vaseline.

Even in "The Admirable Crichto where you satirised Rank, you things so much in the air that, at end, every person who came out of theatre was perfectly satisfied that side had won.

* * *

You, Sir James, with your deep derstanding, must either add at le one more codicil or else write anot will.

There is so much to leave the wo in the way of words which have yet been written.

The Young to-day are just bei kidded along. So the result is that, stead of being smacked, they sma their grandfathers. And they being brought up in the idea that it their elders who should go to school.

You are one of the few who have come wealthy by your own efforts wit out losing the common touch. A no one ever accuses you of writing, of speaking, merely for the sake of it.

I sometimes see you walking alo the Strand, sad-looking, disconsola almost. No one ever seems to recogni you, perhaps because you are so sma Yet you are one of the great men our time.

"Let's talk of graves and worms a epitaphs," wrote Shakespeare.

Yes, let us talk of the graves of de illusions that led us all astray, of t worms that are eating away the soci system, and the epitaphs to all t dead old Glories—War and Might a Dominion.

But let us write of the greater Fre dom that will dawn when we cultiva not work, but leisure and worship, n science and machinery, but spiritu understandings.

# CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

**EARL BEATTY,**
***Grosvenor Square, London, W.***

DEAR LORD BEATTY,—The jaunty angle at which you wear your cap betokens a happy-go-lucky spirit and defiance of bad luck.

In this spirit you ignored your doctor's orders and went to a Mansion House banquet with two broken ribs bandaged under your evening dress.

And all in the cause of sweet charity. No wonder the cheers were loud and long when you announced that £5,515 had been raised for the Docklands Settlement in which you are interested. Allow me to echo those cheers.

JOHN BULL.

**Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,**
***Chancellor of the Exchequer***

DEAR SIR,—An M.P. suggested that you should reduce the beer tax if the brewers used more home-grown barley and so helped British agriculture. But you said you would have to be guided primarily by considerations of revenue.

An unfortunate reply, don't you think? Surely statesmanship hasn't become mere money-getting and nothing else!

JOHN BULL.

**ROBERT BANNISTER PICKETT,**
***Edgware, Middlesex***

FOOL,—To add to the dangers of the road by playing monkey-tricks in an aeroplane may have seemed a delightful paradox, but I'm glad it has cost you £20 and five guineas costs.

You swooped so low over a main road that motorists swerved or pulled up suddenly, and horses took fright and bolted.

You are aged seventeen and want to join the Air Force. I hope you'll be debarred until you reach years of discretion.

JOHN BULL.

**SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,**
***Rutland Gate, London, S.W.***

DEAR SIR AUSTEN,—I understand your emotion at the disgracefully feeble efforts to sweep away the slums, and I'm glad that your blood boils at the terrible conditions under which so many people are forced to live.

But if you had expressed your horror when a member of the Cabinet, it might have had great results.

Still, let's hope your bold words will stir the present Cabinet to belated action.

JOHN BULL.

**"TEN LEGIONAIRES,"**
***Radcliffe, Manchester***

LUCKY LADS,—You've solved the problem of what to do with sweepstake winnings in the best possible fashion.

Having won £30,000 in the Manchester November Handicap, you allocated £5,000 to the local branch of the British Legion, so that your less fortunate old comrades might have a comfortable club-house.

There's no need to wish you a happy Christmas; you have ensured it by providing for others. Here's to you all!

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. JAMES NEWBY,**
***School Farm, Blackpool***

DEAR JAMES,—Centenarians are plentiful in these days, but you seem to have set up a new record at the age of 101.

For you neither smoke nor drink, have never been inside a theatre or kinema, and have never heard a gramophone or the radio.

Yours must have been a peaceful life.

JOHN BULL.

**MINISTER OF LABOUR: V.C.s' pensions of £10 a year, it is said, are taken into account by public assistance committees. Will this sort of official meanness never end?—JOHN BULL.**

**Alderman J. A. WHITEOAK,**
***Mayor of Harrogate***

YOUR WORSHIP,—You're the kind of magistrate I'm pleased to mention.

An errand boy was charged before you with minor offences and fined 10s. and 8s. costs. He told you despondently that he had saved up six shillings for Christmas and could pay that at once

"Cheer up," you said. "You can keep your six shillings, and pay by instalments of a shilling a week."

Give me your hand, sir!

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM AUGER,**
***Rochester, Kent***

ROGUE,—I've criticised several types of property owners lately, but you seem to stand alone.

By stating that you receive much lower rents from your houses than is really the case you have tried to g them under-rated for the next five year

Fortunately, your dodge has been di covered and has cost you nearly £200 fines and costs. If there are any othe landlords like you, this should teac them a lesson.

JOHN BULL.

**Miss MARGARET FLOWER,**
***Croydon, Surrey***

DEAR MARGARET,—As the first girl t win the Craven Scholarship for Lati and Greek you have conferred a ne distinction on your sex.

But remember this: Classical learnin should be a humanising influence, no an exercise in pedantry. The greates Craven scholars have been those wh kept closest touch with ordinary thing and ordinary people.

Let their example be yours.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. JUSTICE HAWKE: When a bar rister couldn't be found, you acted a defending counsel to man charged be fore you. You lost your case, but mus have won the prisoner's respect.—JOHN BULL.**

**NANCY DONALDSON,**
***Stoke Newington, London***

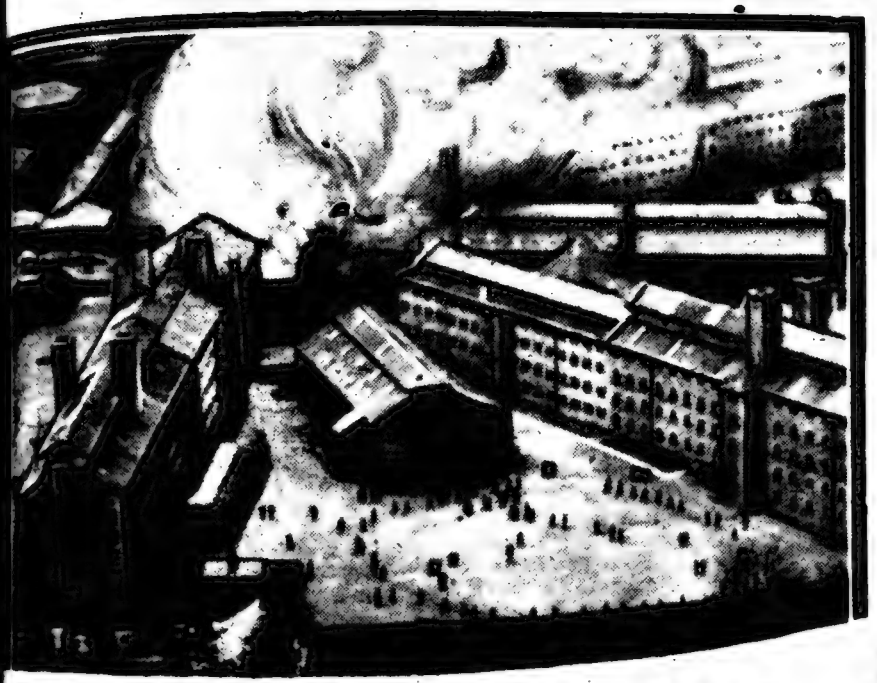
WRETCH,—You took an innocent child to cover your thefts from a London store, and, when detected, handed her the stolen goods and ran away.

I'm glad you were caught and severely censured by the magistrate. But I'm sorry he sent you to prison for only two months.

JOHN BULL.

# JAIL RIOTS—the Red Light

by A. G. GARDINER



*The flames that rose from Dartmoor were a warning beacon – yet it has not aroused the authorities to action*

THE renewed rioting at Chelmsford Prison, following on the second disturbance at Dartmoor Prison, is a red light which we cannot ignore.

Sir Herbert Samuel said the other day that he regretted leaving the Government because he had intended to deal with prison reform.

I share his regret, for no one in public life is so qualified to deal with that difficult question as Sir Herbert. But the question cannot be shelved, and it is time that Sir John Gilmour grappled with it.

Two facts are clear. Crime is increasing on the one hand; our punitive and protective systems are antiquated and inefficient on the other. It is customary to take refuge in the comparison with the United States. There crime is completely out of hand. That is not the case here—yet. But no one can study the facts without realising that crime is getting the whip-hand.

By "crime" I mean not petty offences, but indictable offences.

Take two facts. First, as to the increase of crime. At the beginning of the century the indictable offences known to the police were 256 per 100,000 of the population. In 1920 they were 371. *In 1929 they had risen to 340.* The most serious increase has been in burglaries and housebreakings. These offences in 1929 showed an increase of 119 per cent. over the number per million of the population in 1900.

## Crime is winning

This is disquieting enough. But more disquieting is the other fact. While crime is increasing the detection of crime is diminishing.

For every 1,000 crimes committed in 1900 the number of persons tried was 676. In other words, nearly three-quarters of the criminals were brought to justice. In 1929, for every 1,000 crimes committed only 445 persons were tried. In other words, more than half the criminals escaped the net of the police.

It is unnecessary here to discuss at length the causes of the increase of crime. They are mainly two—unemployment and the motor-car. The police themselves generally agree in adding a third—the greater leniency displayed by the courts.

In the post-war years, hundreds of thousands of youths at the school-leaving age have found themselves without any career in industry, and many of them have turned to crime in desperation or a spirit of adventure.

And the motor-car is a convenient instrument for their purpose. It provides a swift means of escape and enormously enlarges the range of activity. A remarkable fact in the crime statistics of recent years is that while burglaries in the London area have decreased, burglaries in the home counties have increased by leaps and bounds.

I was present at the Quarter Sessions at Aylesbury not long ago, when a young man, who used a motor-cycle, pleaded guilty to twenty-eight burglaries committed during two months within fifty miles of London.

## Antiquated methods

His practice was to take a joy-ride in the daytime, carrying a pair of field-glasses, with which he prospected for his next venture, returned at night to do the "job," and was at home comfortably in bed in London before the milkman was round in the morning.

Against this new wave of crime there has been no corresponding activity in defence. On the contrary, the police, as the figures I have quoted show, are losing ground in the war they wage against the criminal.

This is not a reproach against the police themselves. Taken as a whole, I believe the police of this country are as loyal and efficient as the police of any country.

But they have had thrown upon them all the vast business of controlling the great road and street traffic which the internal combustion engine has brought about. And their numbers have not been increased in anything like proportion to their new duties.

But the main cause of their failure in the fight against crime is the antiquated police organisation of the country. The system that served in the past, when the range of the criminal was limited to his own locality, is useless to-day when a man may burgle a house in Hampshire or Suffolk to-night and be fifty or a hundred miles away before daybreak to-morrow.

There are to-day 180 separate police forces in England and Wales, *without any effective centralised administration.* Need we wonder that the criminal is getting the whip-hand of society?

These are the broad considerations of the problem—the increase of crimes and the growing inadequacy of protective and detective measures. There remains the question of punishment, which is bound up with the solution of the problem, and which is brought into prominence by incidents like those at Dartmoor and Chelmsford.

Our prison system is as out-of-date as our police system, and both call for urgent and drastic reform.

## Too much leniency!

There have, of course, been many modifications of our penal code since the time when we hanged men for sheep-stealing and transported boys of fifteen for life for petty theft. They have been changes in the direction of reform rather than punishment.

This is especially so in regard to the young. We no longer send children to prison. We put them on probation. We subject them to supervision. We do our utmost to prevent them losing their self-respect or becoming stamped with the criminal stamp. If they have ceased to be children without being adult we send them to the Borstal Institution.

Even in the case of grown-up offenders large latitude is given for a first offence. In these and other respects there has been a great improvement in our attitude to the criminal. Prison conditions have been greatly moderated, and sentences lightened. Indeed, the police view is that leniency is one of the causes of the increase of crime.

That is open to question. What is not open to question is that the present prison and penal system needs drastic overhauling. The chief problem is the treatment of the habitual criminal.

On this subject a Departmental Committee reported to Parliament in May last, and it was on this report, I imagine, that Sir Herbert Samuel intended to act.

The purpose of the report is not to diminish sentences. There is no doubt that we have gone far enough in the direction of short sentences. There is a certain type of incurable criminal who ought not to be at large at all, and it is probably true that if a relatively small number of anti-social offenders were under a permanent restraint, crime would be enormously decreased.

## The only way

What the committee proposes is a new way of dealing with old offenders. It agrees that for persistent criminals comparatively short terms of imprisonment are neither reformative nor deterrent, and it suggests long periods of detention in establishments which are an extension of the Borstal idea.

These institutions would be reformative and educative, and would allow for a large variety of treatment. When the treatment failed the criminal would be subject to imprisonment. In this way only the residuum of incurable offenders would pass into prison.

I have no space to enter into the details of the scheme here. It is enough to say that it forms the basis for a drastic reform of our penal system.

It is Sir John Gilmour's imperative task to implement that reform and to do so without further delay. And at the same time he should give the country an efficient and co-ordinated system of police protection. In this way alone shall we get the whip-hand of crime.

Not from the B.B.C.—Santa Claus Broadcasts on

# Yuletide and the Young

BY nature I'm benevolent,
Most kindly and benign;
To lose my temper, as a rule,
I courteously decline;
But still there're times when Santa Claus
Feels tempted to resign.

Young citizens by thousands are
Upon my little list
At Christmas, and I do my best
To see that none are missed;
And yet there're base-born critics who
Declare I don't exist!

The silly so-called realists
My character would steal,
My reindeer is, they say, a myth,
My whiskers are not real!
If you were libelled in this way,
I ask, how would *you* feel?

It is really very hard on a well-known character, who has been before the public for years, to be informed, in his old age, that he does not exist and never has existed.

If you saw a statement in the Press to the effect that there was no such person as Harry Lauder and there never had been, you would think it was time that the editor was removed to Colney Hatch. Yet so-called rationalists often make absurd statements of this kind about me.

Fortunately, those who know me best—those who see clearly with the eyes of youth—treat these allegations with contempt.

When bald-headed scientists announce that the earth is only one of umpty-seven billion planets jazzing through space, the wise child pretends politely to believe it, but privately dismisses the assertion as a thumping lie.

Is it, then, surprising that, after being regaled with tarradiddles of this kind, sensible youngsters know better than to credit statements that I am just a suburban housefather, put together with the aid of remnants from the lumber-room, with whiskers and wig by Clarkson?

The same people who want to abolish me would also like to abolish the festival with which I am associated, or alter it in such a way that children would thank heaven that Christmas comes but once a year.

These jolly rationalists would do away with kissing under the mistletoe or only permit it to be indulged in with the aid of gauze germ-proof masks. They deplore the alleged indigestible nature of Christmas fare, and would have us consume a thoroughly hygienic Christmas pudding.

The utmost concession they would make to sentiment would be to permit a child to hang up a Jaeger stocking, in which could be placed useful and elevating presents, put there not, of course, by a "mythical" Santa Claus, but by wise seniors who know that a nice pair of woollen mittens will be much better for Little Willy's immortal soul than a nasty noisy scooter.

Well, let 'em spout of "reason" and of
"fairy tales" and "myths,"
And work at making prigs of all the little
Browns and Smiths,
Informing them that scientific truth is
really best—
*I* am taking happy children to the Islands
of the Blest.

*They* know more than their mentors and
they simply won't be bluffed;
They've *seen* me and my reindeer and my
sack with presents stuffed.
They may not "grasp realities" and
sundry other things,
But they have fed on honey-dew and fly
on fancy's wings.

He is a fool who from the young their rich
beliefs would steal;
*They* write me many letters and they
*know* that I am real;
In sleep their eyes have seen me, by their
hands am I caressed—
And I take them ev'ry Christmas to the
Islands of the Blest!

## Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

# FAKE SALES IN *Famous Shares*

AN amazing share - pushing scheme, in which the names of certain world-famous companies have been audaciously misused, has been launched during the past few weeks from an office in the heart of London's West End, a stone's-throw from Piccadilly Circus.

From facts I have discovered about it, it is clear that the fraudulent activities of the people behind the scenes merit the immediate attention of the authorities.

Perhaps the strangest feature of the scheme is that, instead of approaching the public as brokers or stock and share dealers, the organisers have described themselves as "auditors and accountants."

According to their printed matter their trading title is Patrick Meadows and Co., Ltd., of Excel House, Whitcombe Street, London, W., and the directors are L. F. Patrick, P. J. Meadows and A. M. Richards.

All three are said to be chartered accountants

This is the first time I have heard of chartered accountants taking upon themselves the direct sale of shares.

Yet numerous people in different parts of the country have been so impressed with their offers that they have parted with money in the belief that they were participating in the offer of a lifetime.

### *Pleasing prospects*

As there has been little variety in the procedure adopted by Patrick Meadows and Co., Ltd., it will be necessary to cite only one actual instance by way of example.

A Brighton doctor, whose name figures among the shareholders of certain reputable companies, and who was undoubtedly selected as a likely victim because of his holdings, recently received an unsolicited letter from Patrick Meadows and Co., Ltd.

It was suggested that his name had been furnished as a likely purchaser of certain shares which the firm had to sell on behalf of a client who was being forced to dispose of a few gilt-edged securities in order to raise money.

As only a few pounds' worth were available it was not considered worth while putting the sale into a broker's hands.

Now, as it happened, the shares mentioned were those of an important and flourishing firm of manufacturing chemists and patent food proprietors, in which the doctor was already a shareholder.

The mere mention of this name was enough to interest him keenly, for, having enjoyed handsome dividends in the past, the prospect of increasing his holding on reasonable terms was too good to be missed.

He accordingly wrote to Patrick Meadows and Co., Ltd., for further particulars. These were promptly forthcoming, together with a printed form for his completion and signature.

### *Stony silence*

The outcome was that he sent a cheque for £29 17s 6d. on the assurance that the share certificates would be forwarded to him at once.

But when the firm wrote acknowledging the receipt of his money, the doctor was informed that the offer could be extended, provided he was willing. But as the offer was so exceptional he was urged to decide quickly.

He did so and thus parted with a further £61, which was promptly acknowledged in the firm's usual business-like way.

Then came news of a really big chance to acquire more gilt-edged securities—

the offer this time running into three figures.

As the share certificates for his first transactions had not yet come to hand, the doctor wisely demurred and said that he would prefer to conclude the earlier deals first.

From that moment silence reigned. The prompt, courteous and efficient firm of Patrick Meadows and Co., Ltd., became suddenly lax in attending to correspondence.

Naturally suspicious at this, the doctor began to make a few enquiries. He found that his cheques had been paid into a West End branch of a London bank and cleared.

This naturally made him wonder whether the valuable shares that had been offered to him had ever been in the hands of the Excel House firm.

As he could obtain no reply to his letters he lodged a complaint with the police. Other people, I learn, are now following suit, and the total losses involved must be very considerable, as victims are to be found in five different counties.

In every case confidence has first been established by the mention of really valuable shares and the suggestion that only a few are available. And in every case where the amount asked for has been comparatively small, a much bigger offer has followed.

Thus, victims drawn in gradually at first have been induced finally to plunge heavily.

Enquiries show that the firm of Patrick Meadows and Co., Ltd., is not registered at Somerset House, and has, in fact, no real existence.

There is no Mr. Meadows, no Mr. Patrick and no Mr. Richards — at least so far as this rapid share - swindling business is concerned.

The office at Excel House from which this scheme was worked was taken by a man who gave his name as John Harding. But there is no evidence that he has played any active part in the company's affairs beyond fulfilling this obliging rôle.

The real brains in this fraud, I can exclusively reveal, are provided by a rogue named Etienne Hobson, who has been associated with share-pushers for years.

Some time ago he figured with two Americans named Jules Primokow and James Kantor in a series of particularly audacious swindles.

Trading as Universal Securities, Ltd., and with offices in Kingsway, London, these three conspirators despatched circulars to the shareholders of a very famous safety-razor company.

"Units" of shares in this company were offered for sale, and eager replies were received from would-be investors throughout the country.

Finally the trio decamped with a nice haul, though in some cases they actually supplied "units" of shares at exorbitant prices in order to give the impression of sincerity and to keep the ramp going.

Another "unit" share offer was made in the name of Hobson, Jackson and Co., from an office in Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

For reasons best known to himself, he later moved his office to Piccadilly Mansions, W., and in the transition his trading title became twisted to J son, Hobson and Co.!

There was no Mr. Jackson and real business. But this did not Hobson from asking exorbitant p for "units" of shares that were not to sell.

His activities ended suddenly a the attention of the authorities been drawn to them.

Yet another venture in which played a prominent part was the pu cation of a financial paper enti the *Stock Exchange Analyst*. As be expected, this was a bogus sheet for pushing dubious stock.

Some time ago, too, Etienne Hob went bankrupt in London with he liabilities as a sequel to earlier sh schemes.

Only a few months ago he was c victed at the Old Bailey for acting a director of a fraudulent comp while still an undischarged bankrupt.

It is interesting to note that in t case he figured, with six other men, an amazing prosecution in which o £70,000 was obtained from the pu in a share swindle.

### *Watch him!*

And the alias he used then w strangely enough, "John Harding."

Yet his real name is Etienne Hobs

Lucky then to be bound over, is to be lucky now?

He has shown his contempt for t law by perpetrating his present gr fraud upon the public in the name Patrick Meadows and Co., Ltd., whi yet on probation.

Latterly he has not been seen at t Excel House office, but there have be numerous anxious callers and showe of letters and telegrams.

I do not suppose that he will p much attention to these now, but I ce tainly hope that in view of my remar the authorities will be able to pay qu a lot of attention to him.

## Nine Days Left!

Our Great Christmas Gift Offer, acclaimed by our readers as the most attractive ever made by JOHN BULL, closes December 31.

Those who have not yet applied for their Pen and Pencil Sets still have time, provided that their applications are received not later than first post January 2. All applications received by Friday, December 23, will be despatched before Christmas.

Readers should cash without delay either the 5s. Christmas Gift Voucher or the voucher worth 2s. 6d. which will be found on page 3.

# PARENTS, BEWARE!

I have just received from a reader copy of an objectionable circular whic I suspect is being sent to young men our universities and possibly publ schools.

It invites subscriptions towards th publication of a "private edition" of book (limited to 350 copies), to be en titled "Guido and the Girls"—"Th story of a youth and a girls' school."

The circular gives a synopsis of th chapters, which suggest that the boo will be grossly indecent.

On the other hand, of course, it is a old trick to advertise a publication i such a way as to cause it to be believe that it is indecent, when, as a matte of fact, indecency does not arise.

There is a reservation in the circula that in the event of non-publication, the subscription (7s. 6d.) will be returned in full.

I do not propose to give the publishers a gratuitous advertisement by stating their names, but it will interest them to know that I have sent a copy of their circular to the Chief Constable con-cerned, who will be able to decide (if the book is ever published) whether the cir-cular is misleading or the book indecent.

Incidentally, the copy in my possession was received by a young undergraduate at his father's address. The latter quite properly sent it on to me.

Although the publishers may not take the risk of sending it to our universities and public schools, it would be as well to keep a strict look-out.

I think myself that they will be sent to the parents' addresses, so will they kindly be on their guard and send on to me any copies received? The circulars are being sent out in halfpenny envelopes bearing the postmark of a Yorkshire town.

# A MAN *without* a SOUL

## "BOGUS BOSS" DUPES WORKERS

THE ease with which unstable individuals can set themselves up as employers of labour to exploit and victimise hard-working men is illustrated in the complaints we have received about a certain John George Webber, of 166, Kendal Road, Bridgwater, Somerset.

This enterprising person has launched forth with a great show as "J. Webber and Co., M.I.C.E." According to his printed notepaper, this firm specialises in mansion and stack demolition, and functions as "Bridgwater and Channel Ports Lighterage, Building and Demolition Contractors."

He has been successful in securing various contracts, including one to demolish Marley House, a famous Exmouth mansion, and on the strength of this has cruelly victimised a number of luckless men who have worked for him.

*These housebreakers are safeguarded against unnecessary risk in their already hazardous work. But William Austin who was trapped by a sudden fall of masonry, had no such protection . . .*

### Terribly injured

To-day they are lamenting the fact that they cannot get their full wages. Some have resorted to law, and, though they have obtained judgment against Webber for the amounts in dispute, they have been unable to recover a penny.

Nor are they likely to, for Webber now pleads an inability to pay anything!

While the lot of the cheated workers is bad enough, a still more pathetic case is provided by the plight of Mr. and Mrs. Austin—a couple in Faversham, Kent, who mourn the loss of their son William, who was killed in an accident during certain demolition operations under Webber's control.

He was engaged with a number of other workmen in pulling down a big mansion when he was trapped by a sudden fall of masonry.

His injuries included a compound fracture of the right thigh, a bad scalp wound and a fractured base of the skull. He never recovered consciousness, and died shortly after removal to hospital.

### Not a penny

At the inquest the coroner made some severe comments about the lack of proper precautions and the fact that Webber had left a very young and inexperienced foreman in charge at the time of the accident.

"I cannot come to the conclusion that all the precautions which ought to have been taken, in the circumstances, were taken," he declared, adding that there was no evidence either that proper safeguards existed in respect of further falls of masonry that were likely to occur.

Though the parents were informed by Webber that their son was fully covered by insurance, this was not true, and they received nothing whatever in the way of compensation.

Their means were very restricted and their boy had been allowing them 10s. a week. While no money could now compensate them for his loss, they naturally felt that they were entitled to something, but they were even forced to borrow money to enable them to attend the funeral in Exmouth.

Later, on the advice of a solicitor, they decided to place their case before the court to determine the employer's liability in the matter.

They were officially awarded compensation, but when the solicitors acting in the case wrote to him to ask what he intended to do, he replied in one of the most preposterous letters that any employer can ever have concocted.

Webber and Company, he declared, simply consisted of four workmen, and was not a real company.

"You must take what steps you think fit," he added. "Sorry I cannot oblige by payment at any time."

Finally, to let the solicitors know that they would be wasting their time if they tried to distrain upon his goods, he volunteered the information that all his household effects were the property of his wife and daughter.

### Workless victims

Impudence of this sort is characteristic of Webber. Previous to this, when one of his unpaid workmen obtained a distress warrant against him, this enterprising demolition "specialist" calmly wrote that he could levy on some bricks remaining on the site of one of his last jobs!

The police very properly protested that it was no business of theirs to go digging out old bricks on the offchance of being able to find someone to buy them. But Webber remained unperturbed.

All this is bad enough, but the position becomes still more monstrous in the light of revelations we are able to make regarding Webber's record as an employer of labour.

It is difficult, indeed, to understand why he was ever permitted to set himself up in business and to engage workmen in the way we have described.

For this is by no means the first occasion on which he has cruelly exploited employees, and his achievements in this connection have landed him in jail on more than one occasion.

In 1925, for example, he was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for obtaining money and credit by false pretences, most of his victims being unemployed men who had been induced to pay him various sums in the expectation of obtaining work.

On that occasion the judge described Webber's operations as "a most impudent piece of fraud," and declared that he would be sent to penal servitude if he ever appeared in that court again.

Other exploits can only be touched upon briefly here, but they will suffice to show the unscrupulous nature of the man.

In one case he posed as a foreman in the employ of the famous engineering firm of Vickers, and promised to secure a post for a man on condition that he paid a deposit of £5.

Having got this money, he then proceeded to extract further fees on the pretext of enrolling the man as a member of the Associated Society of Engineers.

This shabby piece of deception won him a spell in jail, but on his release he went to Bristol and obtained work with a firm of contractors.

Honest employment was too irksome and soon he embarked upon a most audacious scheme. Pretending to be in business on his own account, he actually undertook private haulage work, representing his employers' lorries as his own!

Not content with this, he next began to engage his own private staff, fleecing every man of a cash deposit in the process.

This again led to a jail sentence, as did another escapade, in which he announced his intention of starting a motor-bus company.

Sometimes he has flown quite high, and once, using the alias of "J Burke," he posed as a man of wealth, boasting that he could sign a cheque for £4,000 at any time.

Perhaps his most ambitious venture was launched in the name of the Derby Forest Timber and Engineering Company, and one of the scenes of his operations was, appropriately, Buncombe Hill.

### "Phantom fleet"

His efforts in this direction earned him the nickname of "the Bogus Boss," and though he claimed to own a fleet of lorries for hauling timber, it was said in court, on his ultimate arrest, that this was a purely "phantom fleet."

This, then, is the man who has now victimised further workers in the name of "J. Webber and Co." Perhaps, after this exposure, he will not find the game so easy.

## *In Quest of a* MODERN FAITH

"If religion cannot be brought into modern daily life, what is the use of it?"

"A Sundays-only religion means little to me."

"Can there be a more practical Christianity?"

Countless men and women to-day are troubled by thoughts like these. Especially at Christmas-time is this great problem uppermost in people's minds.

And in this week's *Passing Show*—on sale Thursday for Christmas week—Shaw Desmond begins a series of articles—"In Quest of a Modern Faith"—in which he will outline a possible solution.

For once a writer on religion is not preaching, but writing in a new and enthralling way that will grip the attention of the thoughtful and the careless alike.

## *Silken Gown Swindle*

NUMEROUS traders are complaining that they have been swindled by a firm run by an enterprising "dealer" named F. R. Hepburn, who until recently occupied business premises in Wimbledon.

They are completely astonished at their own plight, because they believed that the transactions were going to end profitably for them.

Opened as a select fashion house to deal in exclusive gowns, Mr. Hepburn's venture showed promise of developing into a flourishing business.

The proprietor, Mr. Hepburn, was always in evidence, and seemed the personification of energy and efficiency.

His many victims are now heartily wishing that he had been a little less energetic, for they would then have been considerably richer.

Hepburn drew his stock from firms all over the country, and he had no difficulty in obtaining credit terms on the seemingly excellent references he was able to produce.

But once having obtained the goods, he disposed of them speedily at cut prices and neglected to settle with his trade creditors.

Articles to the value of thousands of pounds have thus passed through his hands, for the orders he placed with wholesalers were all substantial.

A typical transaction is shown by the experience of one firm which, satisfied with his splendid references, allowed him to have some exclusive gowns, worth £120, on a month's credit.

When the month had passed, the premises of Hepburn were for ever closed and the active "dealer" could not be found.

Enquiry shows that the references which have played such an important part in this quick-fire swindle were provided in some instances by accomplices.

Complaints lodged to date already total something like £3,000, but no one in the trade seems to know anything about the antecedents of Mr. Hepburn.

This is perhaps not altogether surprising, for we can reveal that this is a false name adopted by a Mr. Frank Hepden.

His desire to drop his old name will be apparent when we add that he is well known to the police and to several trade-protection associations which have long black-listed him as a man whose business methods are shady in the extreme.

# £20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

**CLOSING DATE:**
**Sat., Jan. 7th, 1933.**
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Jan. 28.

**FIT THESE PHRASES**

1. You can't do better than try it.
2. To be so popular it must be good.
3. Goes further—lasts longer.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. They all come back for more.
6. The family's favourite.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

**ADDRESS ENTRIES:**
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.


A

Smoke CARRERAS' 'CLUBS'
THE best 5 for 2D CIGARETTES
BETTER TOBACCO
BETTER PAPER
BETTER FILLED

B

3 shades whiter in 3 days

If you want sound, dazzling white teeth and firmer gums start using Kolynos to-day. In three days teeth will look three shades whiter—gums, pinker, firmer. The Kolynos antiseptic foam prevents stain, decay and gum troubles, by killing the germs that cause them.

-thanks to
KOLYNOS
ANTISEPTIC DENTAL CREAM

C

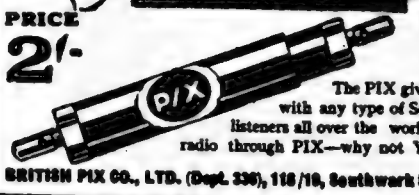
SET CREAM
LEAVES NO DEPOSIT
DOES NOT SOIL PILLOWS OR HATS
—but keeps your hair in perfect order from morning till night. Does your hair good too. Try it once and you'll be enthusiastic. From all chemists and hairdressers, 1/6 and 2/6. Week-end bottle, 3d. post free from
THE BUTYWAVE CO.
5, RAMPAYNE ST., LONDON, S.W.1

D

Do As I Did—
FIX A PIX
to Your Aerial and ENJOY FOREIGN STATIONS

PRICE 2/-

By fixing a PIX in your aerial you can cut out local and powerful stations, and bring in loud and clear, those elusive foreign stations. The PIX is the greatest aid to better radio yet invented, because it gives wider range and knife edge tuning, besides doing away with costly wave-traps and other complicated gadgets.




The PIX gives excellent results with any type of Set. Over 1,000,000 listeners all over the world have got better radio through PIX—why not YOU?

BRITISH PIX CO., LTD. (Dept. 336), 118/19, Southwark St., LONDON, S.E.1

E

A beautiful face disfigured by ECZEMA restored to Beauty.

EXENE is a discovery by an Eminent Physician who made Skin Ailments a life-long study.

If you suffer from Eczema, Psoriasis, Scalp irritation, Falling hair, Ringworm, Alopecia, and similar skin disease, try EXENE, which destroys the germs of skin disease—root and branch—and brings immediately a grateful feeling of relief from irritation. Numerous unsolicited testimonials prove that EXENE is a positive cure.

Obtainable in Jars 2/6 from Boot's, Timothy White's, Taylor's and leading Chemists, or direct post free from

H. & M. PRODUCTS,
15/17, Cookridge St., Leeds.

EXENE does it!

F

FOR YOUR THROAT
Allenbury's Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES
YOUR CHEMIST SELLS THEM
8d. & 1/3 Per Box

G

Oh! for the friendly glimmer of a
PRICE'S Night Light


**FREE ENTRY FORM**

| Key Letters of Advertisements | A | B | C | D | E | F | G |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right. | | | | | | | |

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....
(Section 1) Write clearly in Ink.

**Coupons for Section 1**

Other £20 Contests on pages 21, 23 and 25


**FREE ENTRY FORM**

| Key Letters of Advertisements | A | B | C | D | E | F | G |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right. | | | | | | | |

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....
(Section 1) Write clearly in Ink.

# VAMPIRE of the TURF

## —WOMAN who Beats the BOOKIES

**BEATING the bookmakers! Lots of people have dreamed of doing it; now an enterprising woman has found an ingenious trick that enables her to do it at will.**

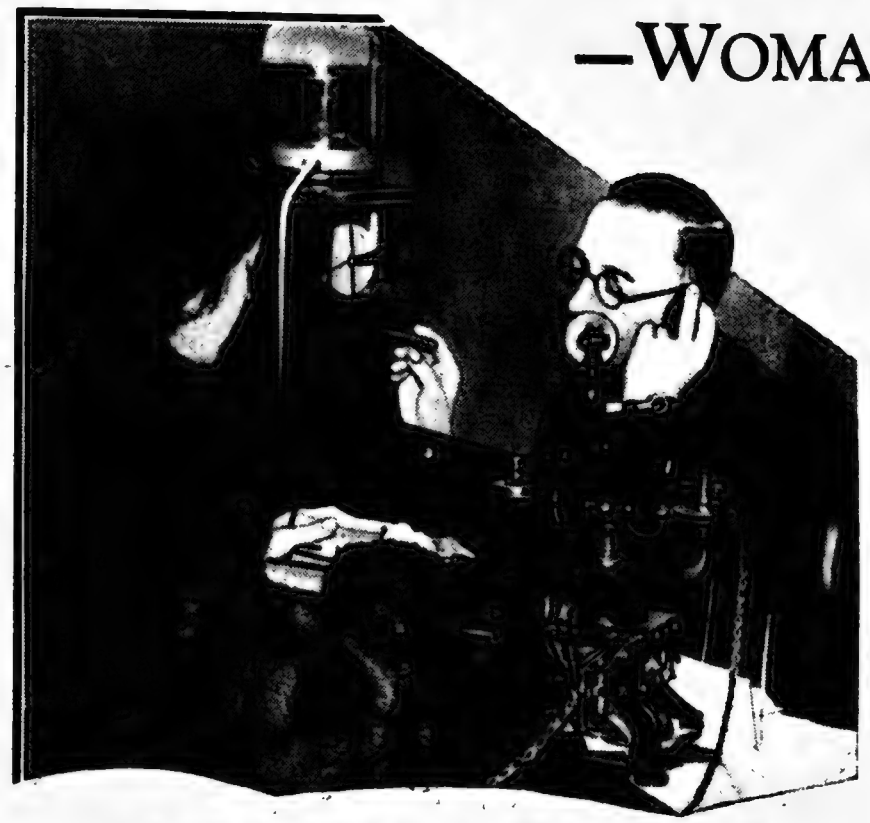
She is Mrs. Roberta Cappell, a woman of great beauty and charm, who during recent months has succeeded in defrauding bookmakers in all parts of the country.

In many instances her hauls have run into hundreds of pounds and her total income from this unique source is such that she and her husband, Charles G. Cappell, are able to enjoy a life of luxury.

They tour from town to town in a smart saloon car, stay at the best hotels, take part in local social life and generally pass themselves off as people of independent means.

No one ever suspects that they are a pair of adventurers or that their livelihood is exclusively derived from the proceeds of fraudulent betting coups conducted in each town they visit.

How is it done?



*". . . the work of a moment to produce the winning slip from her handbag"*

### Rich—apparently

The story of one of their latest escapades, carried out while they were living luxuriously at a Nottingham hotel, provides an admirable illustration of their methods.

To their fellow-guests in the hotel they appeared to be a most likeable couple. Although they obviously handled a great deal of money they were never ostentatious; their manners were perfect, and those who made their acquaintance found them charming companions.

They behaved as one might expect wealthy people of leisure to do—going out in their car on little sight-seeing tours or shopping expeditions, and attending local functions of importance and places of amusement.

The woman in particular professed a great liking for the theatre and declared that she never missed a chance to see a good touring company. But she did not divulge the fact that she herself was an actress of no mean ability.

Mr. Cappell, with plenty of money to spare, made a point of spending a good deal of time in the hotel lounge and in making the acquaintance of local bookmakers and other sporting men, who enjoyed his jovial company and lavish hospitality.

His real object in doing this is apparent in the light of subsequent—and almost incredible—events.

When they were established in the town, Mrs. Cappell paid a visit to a local Turf commission agent and stated that she would be remaining in the district for some time.

She asked the bookmaker to treat her interview in the strictest confidence, as horse-racing was the one subject on which her views were at variance with those of her husband.

He disapproved of women betting.

She, on the other hand, had come of racing stock. A lover of horses from girlhood, she thought there was no sport like racing. "And why shouldn't a woman have a flutter?" she asked.

### Charmer's confidence

Until recently she had had a credit account with a Turf commission agent in Scotland, but she was not altogether satisfied with him

For this reason she preferred to do business with someone "on the spot" to whom she could explain her position and upon whose secrecy she could rely.

Greatly impressed by his visitor's undoubted charm, and having heard of her husband's influence, the bookmaker felt that he had gained a good client and promised to respect the confidence she was reposing in him.

Some days later, about ten minutes before that afternoon's racing programme was due to begin, the exquisitely dressed Mrs. Cappell hurried into the bookmaker's office to place further bets.

But first she chatted animatedly about the previous week's racing transaction and produced a copy of the bookmaker's account which she had received.

Running over this she pretended that she found difficulty in deciphering the clerk's handwriting, and kept the conversation going until just after the time of the first race for that afternoon.

Then she opened her handbag and brought out her own list of new bets she was anxious to make, checked them over briskly and handed them to the bookmaker with a bewitching smile.

Finally she departed, laughingly expressing the hope that she would be more fortunate in her "fancies" than she had been in the previous week.

She was!

As things turned out she had backed the winner of the first race, and she ultimately collected a very substantial sum from the bookmaker, who had no suspicion that he had been cleverly tricked.

This same procedure, with very slight variation, has been successfully followed in a number of big towns.

Mrs. Cappell has shown an uncanny genius for selecting winners that she has backed heavily, and a comparison of her various coups shows that her lucky choice is invariably for the first race of the day. She places numerous other smaller bets, of course, but these are only to allay suspicion.

### A born actress

And she and her partner invariably move on to another centre once they have cleared one big win.

What is her secret? Everything, we can reveal, hinges upon her clever gifts as an actress, and, of course, the convincing way in which the couple establish themselves in the town as people of means.

While she is engaging the bookmaker in conversation, her partner is waiting in an adjacent telephone booth for the result of the first race. Immediately he obtains it he jumps into his car, and, driving past the bookmaker's office, sounds a pre-arranged code signal on the electric horn.

Mrs. Cappell, though chatting away gaily, is listening all the time for this signal. Immediately she hears it she knows the winner of the first race, and, having bets already scribbled out on slips for every horse running, it is the work of a moment to produce the right one from her handbag!

This, being included with other bets for later races, is naturally accepted without demur by the bookmaker, in view of the supposed standing of his client, and the fact that she was present in the office at least ten minutes before the race was timed to begin.

### Flawless plan?

These two tricksters have brought this neat coup to such perfection that they are always able to repeat it at will with small risk of encountering any hitch.

On rare occasions, though, they follow different tactics. Wearing the uniform of a chauffeur, the man goes to the bookmaker to place bets on his mistress's behalf.

Mrs. Cappell is then supposed to be waiting in her car, but actually she is at the nearest telephone. When she gets the result of the first race she rushes to the bookmaker's office and pretends she has just decided to have a further flutter on one of the later races in the programme.

The moment she mentions this extra bet she secretly signals to her partner the winner he is to back, and long before she has finished speaking he has the appropriate slip ready.

No more cleverly worked out scheme for defrauding the bookmakers has ever been devised, and this couple have accumulated thousands of pounds in this way in recent months.

Their victims are to be found in Lincoln, Holbeach, Doncaster, Derby, Swansea, Brighton and a host of other centres.

And they're still going on—despite the fact that the Chief Constables of Nottingham and other towns have received innumerable complaints.

# CHRISTMAS TOY CATCH

**SOMETHING new in seasonable offers has been devised by a certain H. B. Clare, of 23, Watford Fields, Watford. But we cannot hail it with enthusiasm.**

Describing himself as a "manufacturer and wholesale supplier of soft toys and novelties," Clare is advertising for women homeworkers to assist as regular spare-time manufacturers of "Hug-Tite" toys.

The opportunity is "genuine," he declares, and there is "no risk."

* * *

That he is casting a fairly wide net will be apparent when we say that enquiries have reached us from places as far apart as Arlesey, Bedfordshire, and Chesham, Bucks.

When an applicant first responds to Clare's offer of employment, she is told that soft-toy making is a fascinating and profitable occupation that can be learnt quickly by any woman fond of needlework anxious to earn money at home.

As tariffs now favour the British manufacturer, he argues, a wonderful opportunity presents itself.

Clare is particularly anxious to encourage those who have no previous experience of toy-making, but who would like to learn an interesting and profitable trade.

* * *

So, with this end in view, he is willing, "for a short while," to give a limited number of pupils written instructions and a set of four working diagrams.

This, he says, is equal to a £3 3s. course of instruction.

In addition, he is prepared to supply materials for making the first toys, consisting of rabbits, penguins, dogs, and teddy-bears, provided the pupil will forward 5s.

A better or more profitable investment, he concludes, could not be made.

Having interested prospective pupils in this way, he intimates that he is willing to pay top rates for finished toys.

He promises that there will be no quibbling, as prices are marked on each pattern and fixed in advance. The remuneration to home-workers represents 50 per cent. of the retail price of each article.

In some instances he demands a preliminary fee of £2, and says that he looks to the sale of the toys for his profits.

Enquiry shows that Clare is unknown in the toy trade, and at the Watford address there is no evidence of any flourishing business. Indeed, there is nothing to indicate activity of any kind.

* * *

There is no factory or dwelling—simply a letter-box in a hoarding enclosing a yard. Mr. Clare is said to call for letters daily!

Quite apart from this, the proposition has nothing to commend it. Amateur home-workers, trained by postal courses as Clare suggests, could not possibly hope to compete with established toy factories, either in quality or rate of output.

But we are willing to concede that it is a "profitable occupation"—for Mr. Clare!

# The Old, Old S

*And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.*

*And, lo, the angel of the Lord ame upon them, and the glory f the Lord shone round about hem: and they were sore afraid.*

*And the angel said unto hem, Fear not: for, behold, I ring you good tidings of great oy, which shall be to all people.*

*For unto you is born this day n the city of David a Saviour, hich is Christ the Lord.*

*And this shall be a sign unto ou; Ye shall find the babe rapped in swaddling clothes, ying in a manger.*

*And suddenly there was with he angel a multitude of the eavenly host praising God, and aying,*

*Glory to God in the highest, nd on earth peace, good will toward men.*

*And it came to pass, as the ngels were gone away from hem into heaven, the shepherds aid one to another, Let us now o even unto Bethlehem, and see his thing which is come to pass, hich the Lord hath made nown unto us.*

*And they came with haste, nd found Mary, and Joseph, and he babe lying in a manger.*

THE story of Joseph and Mary travelling to Bethlehem is a very human and oft-told one.

Children hearing it for the first time are full of wonder that the Child sus, Who is known as the Son of od, should on the day of His birth d no place in the world prepared r Him.

I think the story, as recorded by . Luke, never grows old because th very little imagination it is ssible to see this young couple avelling together, worn and weary, ping at the end of their journey find a resting place within which eir child would be born, and who, stead, were met with the words o room."

Those who live in great cities, and ve never travelled, may be forven if at first they are unable to alise what the words "no room" ust have meant to Joseph and ary.

I think, however, that a moment's al thought will make everything ain; for we who live in crowded aces know only too well how often other and father can find no oms, no home, because they poss children.

## Joseph and Mary To-day

The words "We cannot take chilren" are often heard when people quire for accommodation, and nturies ago Joseph and Mary exrienced this same bitter treatent.

In the end, tired out, footsore and eary, and because the time had me for her baby to be born, Mary und her resting place in a stable nong the cattle; and there, as in a lace, we are told she received for rself and her child the homage of hilosophers and shepherds.

I do not intend to write of these ppenings or of the flight into gypt.

My purpose is to try to make ou understand that this ancient ory is always new, and the experience of Joseph and Mary in their search for shelter is repeated again and again every day of every year in our country and elsewhere.

I am not interested in the discussions which take place as to whether this Child was indeed conceived in a supernatural manner; neither am I interested in the theological quarrels which arise as to whether the sufferings Christ endured on the cross were laid upon Him in order to remove the curse of original sin from the world.

## The Child's Gospel of Peace

All of us must settle such questions for ourselves.

I desire, however, to stress the truth which is unanswerable—that this baby boy, after only a brief span of thirty-three years of life, has left a memory and a gospel within which is contained all that men and women need to know and practise if they would obtain peace, security and happiness.

There is a side of the birthday remembrances which is worth preserving. I mean the expressions of joy and happiness by which we make ourselves and others realise that religion is never expressed by long, mournful faces or the singing of miserable songs.

Sabatier, the historian of St. Francis, tells us that this greatest of all saints, although possessing no property, was always happy and cheerful, leading his followers through Umbria with dance, music and song. So also should we celebrate with joy and thanksgiving the coming of Christmas.

## "All Ye Are Brethren"

There is, however, something much more important that we should do. We must seek out those who, because of poverty self-imposed, or because of poverty suffered through conditions for which the victims are not responsible, need our aid, and share with them our joys, our gifts and our food.

No Christmas is a real Christmas unless those possessing something they can share with others make quite sure that the sharing is carried out to the very utmost limit of capacity.

We are obliged to do this if we believe the story of this Infant's life, because from His youth upwards He taught and practised the gospel by which alone mankind can be saved —which gospel is expressed in the words, "One is your Father, even God, and all ye are brethren." And as brethren we must share our joys, our hopes and our sorrows.

Many will have nothing to share but their poverty, except good will and kindness. If we make up our minds to enter into the true spirit of Christmas we can share this. The poorest is on an equality with the richest when it is only a question of helping and cheering a friend or a neighbour with a word of comradeship and love.

It is a mere truism to say there are lonely hearts to cherish in all

# Story in the New, New World

by GEORGE LANSBURY

divisions of society; especially is this so wherever the poor and destitute are to be found. So let our slogan be "One and All," and each of us do what is in our power to bring some rest and peace to those in need.

But, my friends, keeping Christmas is a poor thing if, when the holiday, with all its pleasure and joy, is passed, we tuck away all thought concerning our relationships with one another and forget for another year the truths this wonder Child as a man taught us.

The world is full of trouble. Scientists and others warn us of impending disasters which will befall us because knowledge has outstripped wisdom and understanding. The abundance of possessions brings no peace either to individuals or nations.

In spite of our professed acceptance of the angels' message of peace and good will, we find ourselves further and further apart from one another and unable to secure for all the joy of living.

Why is this? Surely it is because we have not, indeed, accepted the gospel of brotherhood?

## Spirit of Christmas—Always

At Christmas we accept this in a partial friendly way, but all the year round, in mill and mine, in counting house and workshop, in every walk of life, men fight each other for bread. Christ's law of life is co-operation—sharing with one another—and unless we are prepared to accept this our Christmas beliefs and practices are of little avail.

Justice is what the world hungers after; justice for the poor and weak and heavy laden. Jesus said the only way of life which is true and real is to love your neighbour as yourself, and do unto others as you would they should do unto you.

Translated into modern terms of life, this means reorganising and replanning our social and industrial life, nationally and internationally, basing it on co-operation for the service of all.

Words will not do this, but action will; and at all costs you and I who believe in Christmas must set about that task.

Therefore, as one sinner to others, I want this Christmas-time to ask you to turn over a new leaf.

We cannot reform the world alone; we cannot escape out of the vortex of competition single-handed.

But we can ask God's aid to give us courage, health and strength to proclaim the truth that if only we will all accept, not only in spirit but in deed, the fact that we are in this world to help one another win joy and peace, self-development, and the very highest and best we know; and at the same time study and learn how we can, by collective action, so alter our way of life that competition for bread will be a thing of the past, fighting to exist will cease, and we shall co-operate to live.

We may be censured for demanding that Christians must take sides on these great social, industrial and political questions. They must do so, or what is called religion and civilisation will perish.

The whole world has chanted hymns of praise to the Prince of Peace and to Love and Brotherhood, but in fact it has followed a way of life totally alien to all Christian teaching.

Our Lord Himself took sides. He denounced Pharisees, money-changers, usurers, "devourers of widows' houses," and in every sort of experience declared the sanctity of life. At all times He stood for justice and equality.

And never forget, His disciples, who after His death went out into the world to carry His message of love, peace, salvation and brotherhood to all the world, preached the same gospel, with the result that they were crucified, stoned, torn asunder, slain with swords.

But they held on to the end, and, although theologians smother the words, the lives and actions of these Christian pioneers with meaningless phrases, the truth remains; these unlearned ones, taught only by the spirit of truth which is called God, held all things in common.

I want men and women who accept the Christian faith to be as uncompromising about usury as were the early fathers. I want us all to say that the human needs of all God's people must come before money or anything else.

I want all of us, myself as well as you, not to be self-conscious pharisees judging others. Let us each recognise that we are part of a system which is alien to the New Testament teachings regarding life, and, having done this, join with others of like faith, doing all in our power to win men and women to the side of Truth, and, by so doing, abolish the class war by establishing a classless society.

There is not, in my opinion, any other means whereby we can be saved from absolute destruction.

We shall discover how to plan, how to organise once we possess the will. We shall get the will once we are converted and see ourselves, our families and interests all safeguarded—because all my friends' and neighbours' interests are also safeguarded.

## "Those Who Take the Sword . ."

When we look abroad and see Europe armed to the teeth, Asia awakening like a mighty giant out of an age-long sleep, and across the Atlantic see a great people building fleets for the air and sea, organising huge land forces, and all nations manufacturing foul destructive gases of ever-increasing power, our hearts fail us for fear, because there appears no way of escape from this jungle of callous, cynical disregard and betrayal of the love and comradeship about which we sing and pray in places where Christians meet.

I can never believe that He Who in a moment of supreme danger said, "Put up thy sword, those who take the sword shall perish by the sword," would in any conceivable circumstance sanction the use of any destructive weapon, or would for a moment give His blessing to submarines, poison gas, or anything of like character.

War has always been a mystery for me; it passes my comprehension how any moralist or Christian can defend it.

I may be all wrong, but it has always seemed to me that wars come about because nations will not leave one another alone, and Christian nations always seem to be poking their noses into one another's affairs, mainly because each considers the other may become richer than itself. The pursuit of this policy bids fair to wreck civilisation.

## March to the Promised Land

We must make people understand that all wars between nations are blasphemy and crime, and that the war against man-made evil in which we are engaged is a bloodless war of emancipation and freedom from worn-out social and economic theories; that as we march forward we shall leave behind us no ruined homes, no widows and orphans, no maimed, bruised or dying.

No. We shall march forward to the Promised Land, leaving behind us happy, joyous men and women and children, and, at the end, will establish that human society of which sages and prophets have dreamed, and which it has been given to us to establish.

*Your Own Xmas Gift!*

**4 Cheques of £20 each are offered on pages 14, 21, 23 and 25**

**This week "John Bull" offers £80 in cash in a simple advertisement competition appearing on pages 14, 21, 23 and 25. Don't on any account miss it! All prizes must be won. No Entrance Fee. Why not make it a Fireside Game and get all the family to help?**

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**Turn to Pages 14, 21, 23 & 25**

**Chest Coughs**

***Sanatorium Patient's dramatic letter.***

"Dear Sirs,

"I was a patient for just on 18 months in a Sanatorium. I used to cough all day and through the nights too, hardly getting any sleep. I am delighted with 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup because the first dose relieved my cough immensely. When I prepared to lay down for the night, I took another half teaspoonful and in about an hour's time I was fast asleep and I did not wake until 6 a.m. next morning. *That was the first sleep of any length I'd had for six months.*"

(Signed) Mr. A. S. Clark, Haxby.

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**Every man who Smokes a pipe *should* Turn to the FRONT COVER**

# John Bull READERS' OWN STORIES—15—

## Trapped in an

***Still I can smell smoke...see the glare...feel the terrific heat of that swift-moving conflagration when I was—***

THERE is no horror like that which lies within our own experience. When we read of lingering death suffered by this man or that, our pity may be excited, our sensibilities shocked, but Death has none of the terrifying aspects he wears when one has watched him creep remorselessly closer through a set period of doom.

I know because I was once trapped in the path of a raging bush-fire, and the ordeal is not one that I shall easily forget.

The memory is with me to-day in vivid detail after twenty years. Sometimes on chill and damp evenings in London I can smell the smoke, see the glare and feel the terrific heat of that swift-moving conflagration in the Australian bush. . . . But let me tell you how it happened.

* * *

THE fires were particularly bad that year in the big Dominion. Heat-wave had followed heat-wave, with the temperature boiling up to 130 deg. Winds bearing the dry breath of hell blew from the burning sand of the centre of the continent.

My partner, Bill West, and I, working a selection in Gippsland, in Victoria, recognised all the signs, and felt certain that big bush-fires would come our way, threatening our holding and its stock before the height of the summer passed.

All the circumstances were favourable for the outbreak and rapid spread of fires. The grass was yellowed by the successive waves of scorching heat.

No rain had fallen for many months. The leaves of the gum-trees were shrivelling in the dry winds, and over the ground, through the forests of eucalyptus leaves and twigs, branches and bark, lay veritable nature's tinder awaiting the spark of ignition.

So Bill and I were not greatly surprised when one evening we saw away to the west the reflected glow of a fire over a large front.

BY next day the wind had veered to the south, and we hoped that the fire many miles away would continue on that course and pass us by.

We were badly in need of a fire-break on the western paddock of our holding, and we decided to make one against a possible change of wind.

We worked all day in the blinding heat, clearing a big break, felling trees and hauling away the trunks just sectioned sufficiently to make haulage possible.

As a preliminary, we had already burnt off the grass so that the fires would encounter some bar to their progress. Bush-fires travel in two ways, along the ground and from tree to tree, leaping a road or a river without pause.

Our wisdom was established before night-fall. The wind changed back to the west, and we redoubled our efforts to clear an adequate break against our home paddock to which we transferred our stock.

ABOUT seven o'clock a neighbouring farmer rode up on an almost exhausted horse to tell us that loss of lives was feared further west, and that the selectors of the whole countryside were out on Simpson's property trying to turn the flames aside or back over territory already burnt. He asked for assistance and rode off.

Now this call was imperative. No bushman would or would want to, disobey it, for it is the cardinal law of the great spaces that you always help others because you may need help yourself some day.

We were, however, conscious that work was still required to make our clearing reasonably safe. It was decided that Bill, the stronger man and more experienced bushman, would ride to Simpson's, while I stayed to finish hauling away *débris* until it was too dark to do so. Then I was to follow him to the fire-fighting operations.

So a little later Bill galloped off, leaving me alone in our section of the bush except for my dog, a blue-spotted cattle bitch known as "Dinky."

Among the last of the *débris* to be hauled away was a big, stringy-bark trunk which, before I could have it shifted, would require to be split and sectioned

I had already driven in a number of wedges to lengthen and widen a crack I had made with my axe when one wedge fell into the widening crevice.

I made a mistake common to the inexperienced, but which an older bushman would not have dreamt of doing. I leaned forward, and, putting my fingers in, pulled at the wedge.

In doing so I dislodged a wedge higher up and the crack suddenly closed, catching my fingers in a vice-like grip. I tried to remove them and found it impossible. I merely succeeded in lacerating the palm and the back of my hand with the splinters which profusely lined the crevice.

I lay forward across the log, helpless, with even my axe just out of reach.

Fear possessed me, for I knew that in that lonely country I was utterly helpless. Only Bill's return could release me. And he might stay with the fire-fighters until well on into the next day, for there is no time-limit when battling with the flaming fiend of the bush.

Should anything happen to Bill I might starve to death or die of thirst.

Then to the west I saw reflected against the now darkening sky a sullen red glow which spread itself and grew brighter as I watched.

HORROR replaced fear, for I knew the fire was raging towards the spot where I lay, and that in a few hours it would sweep over me as I lay powerless in its path.

I had little hope that Bill would return early. I knew he would not be anxious if I did not turn up at Simpson's. Self-reliance is accepted as part of the bushman's make-up, and he would assume that perhaps I had made a *detour* to avoid an arm of the fires, and thus been delayed.

* * *

I remember struggling again desperately as the glow brightened and spread. Through the clearing and in and out among the trees within the range of my vision I saw the flight of the wild bush creatures whose instinct warns them when it is time to move away before the advancing wall of fire.

My struggles died away in a purgatory of pain, and my mind, despite all my effort to control it, passed from a condition of hysteria to a concentration on the approaching fires which was sheer torture.

I remembered all the stories I had heard of death in the bush-fires. Every gruesome half-burnt carcase of a sheep or a steer I had seen after other fires came into my mind as vividly as a picture etched on that sky which was growing so maddeningly red.

EVERY burn I had experienced in my life—the mere accidents of existence quite unimportant even as injuries—suddenly flooded my memory, assuming an importance illogical and unreasonable, and throbbing like half-healed scars of the flesh.

In the home paddock near by, the cattle lowed pitifully, trembling with the fear that came out of the hot wind to their scent, and that fluttered by them with every winged creature that flew from the oncoming terror.

My dog had been leaping about me for how long I did not know, for the minutes passed endlessly in a marathon of time, as I lay half-fainting on the log, and the pain from my clamped hand racked and wrung me and

*The Human Machine*

## GETTERS and DOERS

*SOME people spend all their lives getting. Others occupy their time in doing. And both sorts are after the same thing—happiness. At first glance the getters seem to have it all their own way. They acquire the possessions they want: they snatch an hour of gaiety here, a day's pleasure there. They look so busy being happy and amused that they haven't time to be miserable.*

*Yet it's all a delusion. They're not, with all their getting, building on any solid foundations. To the getters of this life there's a time coming, whether it is soon or delayed, when they'll be presented with free membership of what someone once neatly called the "I-wish-I-had Club."*

*For they discover, when it is too late, that there are more and better things in life than mere acquisition. They find that their pet motto of "I want" has somehow failed to achieve much. "If only I had——"! But it's too late.*

*The doers may not look as if they're getting much fun out of life, but that's because their fun is the only true sort—the kind that satisfies a man's mind and spirit. They're building and creating. They're accomplishing something. They're adding something to life instead of steadily taking something from it.*

*And the result is that happiness and pleasure always surround them because they're satisfied and contented; because they know that all the time they're building up resources on which later they will be able to lean and rely.*

*Life's getters soon go stale. Life's doers go on living to the very end. Isn't the choice obvious?*

*"Through the clearing and in and out among the trees within the range of my vision I saw the flight of the wild bush creatures"*

# INFERNO

joined my mental suffering in superlative torment.

Then piteously she whined and continued whining until that too affected my tattered nerves, rasping them with its repetition.

I commanded her to be quiet, but the poor beast in her fidelity was fearful for me and saw my plight.

At last I cursed her until she went off fawning, and then returning commenced to leap about me.

It was then an idea came to me, or perhaps I should call it a forlorn hope. Could I make her go after Bill it might bring him back.

Knowing "Dinky" and I were inseparable, he would consider it strange that she should follow him without me. I spoke to her gently, persuasively. "Fetch Bill," I said. "Fetch Bill. Find Bill, Bill, Bill!"

At first it seemed as if she would not understand. She would leap away into the trees and then return to seat herself near me, head cocked on side, trying to discover what I wanted her to do.

Clumsily with my free arm I motioned the way Bill had gone and kept repeating, "Fetch him, fetch him, fetch Bill."

Suddenly she caught the idea, and with a short bark she ran off, nose to ground, until in the near distance I could hear her eager whining as she sped off on the scent.

NOW a faint hope stirred in me, for there is no trail an Australian cattle dog—born of the bush and bred for the bush—cannot follow. Swift, keen and superlatively intelligent are these bush dogs. And "Dinky" was no exception.

It would be impossible to say how long I lay semi-conscious from the pain, for by now agony was shooting like high-voltage waves along my arm.

I remember that I smelt the gum-trees burning. At first the smell came faintly and then pungently, overpoweringly. Smoke drifted in thin wisps into the clearing where I lay, the while the sky glowed like the heart of a vast furnace.

Soon the smoke eddied by in clouds, gripping the nostrils and causing me to cough myself into exhaustion. In the paddock I could hear the cattle coughing in the midst of their frightened bellowing.

Across the clearing, sometimes almost over my recumbent body even, dashed the scared wild creatures—bandicoots and wallabys and kangaroo rats, porcupines and frilled lizards, iguanas and the venomous snakes all fleeing regardless of each other, enmities forgotten, fears forsaken and engulfed in the vast common fear that the bush-fire brings with its white-hot breath. . . .

Perspiration poured from me as the heat rose, until it seemed that the very oxygen of the air had been consumed by that hot breath and that never again would the earth be cool.

In the distance—growing nearer as I watched—over a front of miles, trees flamed angry red and advanced like the frenzied ranks of a demon army.

I made a desperate effort to reach my axe. The life instinct is the strongest of all that have come down to us from the primeval world when men fought with whatever lay at hand to wrest life and living from their savage surroundings.

I knew that could I do so I would not hesitate to sever my wrist and take my chance at stopping the flow of blood, for what is a hand against a life?

And at that very moment I would willingly have given the log and the fire my hand to carry with me from the clearing the chance of living.

Struggle as I would I could not stretch my free hand to within a foot of the axe.

But it must have been the last strain my nerves could stand, for suddenly I fainted dead away, and that is the last I remember until—

Cool water laved my body and I recovered to find myself standing in the water-hole in the creek behind our hut, with Bill holding me and "Dinky" swimming near by.

Around us the whole landscape blazed, trees flaming and crashing in detonation that split the ear-drums and sent up myriads of sparks to carry on the grim work of the fire.

Our hut was alight and I heard the last pitiful moans of our cattle, and I knew then that Bill and I had lost everything we had put into this selection in the biggest blaze we had had for years.

He told me later that he had turned for home when "Dinky" caught up with him and had galloped into the clearing as the flames entered it. He had cut into the log and released my hand as the trees all about me became sheets of fire.

Only his last great effort in dragging me through the blazing grass into the water-hole saved our lives.

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**NEXT WEEK:—A *"JOHN BULL" reader who served as Senior Wireless Operator in the ill-fated "Egypt" describes the vessel's last voyage and his own miraculous escape in graphic detail.***

*Homely Wisdom—By Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

# The Way Out

DURING the recent debates in the House of Commons on the appalling growth of unemployment, the Prime Minister stated that we ought to accustom our minds to the unpleasant fact that under modern economic conditions there will always be about two million persons unemployed in this country.

I do not know whether the significance of this statement has been fully grasped by the public If we are to have a permanent army of at least two million able-bodied men and women for whom no work can be found, we are confronted with a problem with important moral bearings on a scale never before realised.

How does it come about? The answer to the question is perfectly plain. It is that by one of the strangest contradictions in all history we have made ourselves poor through our increased cleverness in making ourselves rich.

In other words, the machine has displaced hand labour to such an extent as to cause an artificial scarcity—first in purchasing power, and then in effective demand for the goods the machine can make.

* * *

A friend of mine, a manufacturer, tells me that in his business alone, owing to the introduction of more efficient machinery and improved finishing processes, he can produce more and better fabrics with half the labour that used to be employed in the same factory when he was a boy.

The immediate result of this is to deprive some hundreds of men of the opportunity to work and earn a living wage. And as this is going on all over the country, and all over the world, it means that millions of people have no money wherewith to buy what they want. Therefore, after a time, the manufacturer cannot sell his machine-made goods, and production comes to a standstill. Misery and destitution abound everywhere.

In the first few years after the Battle of Waterloo we had a similar period of artificial scarcity. Because of being first in the field with mechanical inventions, England rapidly mounted to the position of industrial supremacy which she has since lost, and at the same time she kept out foreign corn by means of a prohibitive tariff.

* * *

The suffering of the hand-loom workers who had been superseded by the machine was intense, and they took to rioting and breaking up machines and burning factories.

This behaviour was condemned as blind and stupid; but was it? The hungry rioters saw in the machine their deadly enemy, and they were not far wrong.

The same is true of the machine today, but we must turn it into a friend. The gap between consumer and producer must be closed, and the way to do it is to ensure to every adult something to do for the common good, and pay him a living wage for doing it.

By shortening the hours of labour all round, while continuing to avail ourselves of labour-saving inventions, we could employ everybody and yet be better off than our fathers were.

The present world-muddle proves that Jesus Christ was right when He said that God Who clothes the grass of the field and feeds the birds of the air will clothe and feed us, too, if we are content to use His bounty aright instead of hampering and fettering each other and driving the world to ruin.

WHY not banish that "everlasting cold-in-the-head" which means CATARRH . . . that irritating cough, that stuffed throat? It's easily done . . . . pop a POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLE in the mouth and let it clear all stuffiness, tickling and hoarseness—effectively and pleasantly.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

*Probed by*

**PHILIP INMAN**

# Not a Glass-Case GIRL—and she's better for it

*The girl who refuses to mix business with "pleasure"—"she has come in contact with mud, but she has not become contaminated by it"*

WHAT possible connection can there be between a cricket match and the human problems sent to me by my readers? On the face of it none at all. And yet—well, let us see. . . .

I have just finished reading an eye-witness's account of the Test Match between England and Australia. One graphic phrase sticks in the mind. "The day's play never lacked interest, for Larwood put a lot of *devil* into his bowling."

From that newspaper I turn to a letter from a woman correspondent. Here it is:—

"My eldest girl is eighteen years old, and for the last three years has been employed in a large firm. The head of her department and another of the senior assistants have been going about with two married men, both of whom are employed in the same business.

"They have tried to induce my daughter to follow their example, giving her glowing accounts of the presents they receive, but I am thankful to say she has not succumbed to the temptation.

"What should I advise her to do? It seems hard to suggest that she should give up her work just when she is due for promotion. But, on the other hand, it must be definitely bad for her to be in contact with these women at such an impressionable age."

## *Don't coddle them*

Now, this letter has something in common with a problem submitted by another reader. This man writes:—

"My wife and I have been confronted with a question on which we should greatly value your opinion. It concerns our son, who reached the age of fourteen last September, and who is now employed in a workshop five and a half miles from our home.

"This necessitates his rising at 5.15 in the morning, and on three nights a week he attends evening classes, when he does not reach home until 10 p.m.

"But this is our difficulty: we are desirous that some day he may enter the ministry, and we have heard very poor accounts of the type of person who is employed in this particular firm. Should he try to find some more suitable opening, or should he face the world as it is in that workshop, with all its unsavoury atmosphere, the casual habits and bad language of the workpeople?"

Now, these two are almost companion problems—what is the solution? Parents naturally wish to safeguard their children from evil and danger. But whether they succeed or fail depends upon the methods they employ. If a child is put in a glass case he or she may be sheltered from the buffetings of life, but becomes little more than a mummy. The world to-day needs men and women, not mummies.

I started this article by a reference to the Test Matches in Australia. Cricket, apparently is only interesting and worth while when there is some *devil* in the bowling.

The same is true of life. I care not a fig for the person who is innocent because he or she has remained a glass-case exhibit, and has never had any temptation to be otherwise. But I admire tremendously the one who can face up to life's problems of whatever sort without lowering his flag.

Let it be remembered that there can be no virtue where there is no possibility of vice.

The mother in the first letter I have quoted has a daughter of whom she ought to be proud. She has come in contact with mud, but she has not become contaminated by it. The "glittering prizes" of sensuality have no attraction for her.

* * *

She is like the heroine in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure." There is no comparison between the Isabella before her terrific temptation and the Isabella after it. It made a woman of her.

It will do the same for this girl. She's all right. Leave her alone—that is my advice to that mother. Let her obtain the promotion which she evidently deserves. I base my opinion not simply because that girl has shown her mettle, but for the additional reason that if she found another job there is no guarantee that she would not come up against some other objectionable influence.

And what shall I say to my second correspondent? My advice depends upon two things—that lad's character and his health. If he is a strong-minded youth (and he ought to be, if there is any thought of his entering the ministry), he is not likely to be influenced by the talk and conduct of the men with whom he works.

It won't do him any harm to come up against the rough and tumble of life. He should be all the better for it when he grows up and enters upon his great vocation.

But his health should be carefully watched. For a growing lad to be "at it" from five o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night is a tremendous tax upon his strength. A boy of his age needs fresh air and recreation.

And if he intends to enter the Church one day, let him prepare for it physically as well as morally. Remember the old proverb, "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy." And though I don't want to be uncharitable, heaven knows there are plenty of dull parsons in the pulpits to-day.

## *Mr. Peter Pan*

I have been talking about the danger of keeping young people wrapped in cotton-wool and sheltering them from life's east winds. When those who are pampered and spoiled grow up this is what happens to them.

A woman of twenty-eight writes to me:—

"I have been married for three years and I soon realised what a mistake I had made. For my husband was an only child and, like Peter Pan, he has never grown up. It is very difficult indeed to live with him. He is fussy over his food. He magnifies the slightest ache and pain, and he is so intolerant that if I don't happen to be in to greet him when he arrives home from work he sulks for days on end.

"To crown all, he never ceases telling me that his mother never did things like I do, or alternatively did them far better than I ever could.

"I have always admired your advice to other people, and observed how in married difficulties you advise a couple to 'give-and-take.' But what can you do with a man who is all 'take'?"

## *Blindfolded?*

I am very sorry indeed for this woman. I am just a little bit sorry for the man. It isn't altogether his fault. He is suffering because he has been treated as a "mother's darling." He might have been a very different man had he been made to rough it.

Now these two are married it seems a pity that they cannot pull together. After all, my correspondent has some responsibility in the matter. When those two were courting did she not find out the weaknesses of which she is complaining now? It can't be suggested that she married him blindfolded.

It would be a good thing for them to get back the atmosphere of those courting days. Let them try and see some good in each other instead of constantly looking for the bad.

"Mothers' darlings" are often a problem. But they are a problem that can be solved. And for this reason: They are usually first-rate sons, and there must be something commendable in the character of a man who is good to his mother.

---

**Are you in trouble? Every week "Humanist" deals with our readers' knottiest problems. He is always ready to help you. Don't hesitate to write to him if you need his help. Enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter published.**

# SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE:—"Your FIENDS will sneer."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN:—"This would inevitably tend to impair the present high standard of efficiency that was vital to the UNSATISFACTORY conduct of railway business."

METHODIST TIMES AND LEADER:—"We invite readers to send inexpensive recipes for WHOLESALE meals."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"The Muckross Estate at Killarney, including the world-famous Lakes of Killarney, has been given to the Free State for the purpose of a national PORT."

NEWRY REPORTER:—"The sales were postponed for a week owing to the temporary indisposition of the auctioneer, who, we are GLAD TO STATE, is NOT quite recovered."

ORCADIAN:—"The first CIGARETTE in the island has arrived and will shortly be INSTALLED by Messrs. ——."

DERBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"The discovery that the station had been broken into convinced the police that they were on yet another false TRIAL."

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND HERALD:—"This cow was the SIRE of the 300-gs. bull."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"Verity also got O'Brien's wicket, while the other slow BLOWER . . ."

ANGLO-BRAZILIAN CHRONICLE:—"She had a WINKLE in her eye."

EMPIRE NEWS:—"In stopping a drive from Bradman, the Nawab of Patsudi hurt his thumb which had been injured during a JOCKEY match some time ago."

OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Four minutes from time Bedford again drew level, Clarkson heading a pretty GIRL from a well-placed centre."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"SQUALLY delightful renderings were given to two songs by Brahms."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"The tigress jumped on another elephant's back, on which she rode round the ring before returning to her CAFE."

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS OBSERVER:—"Bowls.—The tournament will be open to HOWLERS all over the country."

FARNWORTH WEEKLY JOURNAL:—"Little Lever Council have now completed alternative plans for the erection of an additional 24 HOURS."

WAKEFIELD EXPRESS:—"He was ordered to pay 12s. for riding a motor-cycle without an INEFFICIENT silencer."

DOVER EXPRESS:—"That clock would be handed down and his ANCESTORS would say, 'If he could not catch fish he could catch a clock.'"

HAMILTON ADVERTISER:—"Collections for the British Legion were taken in exchange for PUPPIES."

STRATFORD EXPRESS:—"He would sooner take the risk of throwing all the guns into the TEA."

## DANCING TO BEAUTY.

"Grace has always seemed to me synonymous with beauty"—says Joan Crawford.

"You don't necessarily have to be born with it"—she adds; "the best means of obtaining it is by dancing. Dancing is an urge—one that ought to be cultivated because it develops personality. It's the language of the feelings."

"I have found great beauty in life through this mode of expression—and it is within every woman's reach." This aid to charm and to loveliness is one of Joan Crawford's tips in "How to achieve Beauty," an article by the star herself, which appears in *The Picturegoer*, on sale to-day.

# £20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

**CLOSING DATE:**
**Sat., Jan. 7th, 1933.**
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Jan. 26.

**FIT THESE PHRASES**

1. You can't do better than try it.
2. To be so popular it must be good.
3. Goes further—lasts longer.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. They all come back for more.
6. The family's favourite.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

**ADDRESS ENTRIES:**
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

**A**

For Glorious Health drink delicious
**'OVALTINE'**
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
There is only one "Ovaltine"—there is nothing "just as good."
*1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin*

**B**

**Take Oxo Daily!**
Put vigour and warmth into your body with the Oxo diet. It builds up energy against periods of strain, and makes your other food more nourishing.

**OXO BEEF IN BRIEF**

**C**

**DIPLOMA CHEESE.**

**D**

**FATHER CHRISTMAS** *says...*

To make the Kiddies happy at Christmas *EVERY* gift should please as much as

**'Golden Shred'**
THE ORANGE JUICE MARMALADE

**E**

Fish or Meat
Hot or Cold
is OK
with
**'O.K'**
**SAUCE**
MADE IN A MODEL HYGIENIC FACTORY

**F**

**EASILY THE BEST**
Good digestion is the basis of nutrition and health. Eat Bermaline regularly and you will do much to keep a sound digestion or restore one that is impaired.
Ask Your Baker For It.
**BERMALINE BREAD**

**G**

GOOD FRIENDS ARE WORTH GOOD TEA
GIVE THEM
*Mazawattee* Tea
ALL EMPIRE GROWN
1/4 TO 3/8 PER LB.

**2 FREE ENTRY FORM**

| Key Letters of Advertisements | A | B | C | D | E | F | G |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right. | | | | | | | |

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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....
(Section 2) Write clearly in Ink.

**Coupons for Section 2**

Other £20 Contests on pages 14, 23 and 25

**2 FREE ENTRY FORM**

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*by the Hon.*

## GEORGE BLACK

*Speaker of the Canadian Parliament*

*A prospectors' camp in the Klondyke during the great gold rush of which the Hon. George Black (inset) writes*

# Striking GOLD in Klondyke

## . . was my GREATEST HOUR

WHEN I was twenty-five years old I was starting in to practise as a barrister in my native New Brunswick. One day the news was flashed through from the Far West that gold had been found in the Yukon.

A gold rush is like a war in some ways. You feel it in your blood. It is exciting—intoxicating. It reveals, as in a flash, the monotony of ordered days and ordered ways.

People were converging upon Dawson City from every point of the compass. Could I sit back and see that adventure pass me by? I guessed not.

That was in 1898, the year of the famous gold rush. I shut my law books, said good-bye to the courts and took train west.

I had lost little time, but Dawson City was already swarming with prospectors, and in the primitive log houses where miners and would-be miners met to eat, drink and gamble, the dull yellow of nuggets was already a common sight.

### *The "Gold Bug"*

Gold fever is a queer thing. It gets you and it keeps you. Once a miner, they say, always a miner. And it's true, though, for my part, I went back in due course to my own job.

But not before I had what I still reckon to be the greatest hour of my life.

We had prospected around the Klondyke field for some months in 1898, seeing other fellows hit it lucky, while we could not find so much as pay dirt, as miners call such dirt as yields just enough coarse gold to make a wage equivalent.

Then we heard good reports of the Livingstone district. Men coming in with fat pokes—a poke is a leather gold-dust purse—reported gold in that area.

### *New fields . . .*

I decided to try my luck there. It meant a five-hundred mile journey, for the Yukon is a vast country, far bigger than most folk realise—until they look at a map.

I was lucky in that I did not lack working capital, had my grub-stake, as miners say, and a body hardened by long months of manual work.

When I started for Livingstone I had been more than nine months on the goldfields, and never a colour of dust.

But I never thought of turning back. There was gold and I meant to get it.

Why not? I had seen men, seasoned miners, with just enough of a grub-stake to keep themselves alive, become rich overnight, as it were. What happened to them might happen to me.

Our journey was undertaken on foot and by canoe. We stored our grub and equipment in our light canoe, used it whenever possible, portaged it when we had to go afoot.

We reached the new fields with high hopes and began panning. But bad luck dogged us. Men within little more than a stone's throw turned up the precious stuff, but our diggings were always dud.

It gives you some idea of how hard a man can get bitten by this fever for gold when I tell you I spent nearly two years altogether in the Yukon before my luck turned.

We had been living more or less on the country during this time, eating moose meat and grouse, of which there were great quantities, and I felt like a seasoned old-timer, or sourdough.

One morning I headed off for the Livingstone Creek. It was summer, and in that country it is not night at any time between the beginning of June and the end of July. Day is just a brighter light. The Northern Lights flash across the sky. It is a magic land.

### *A yellow glint . . .*

I made my way down from the mountains where we were sleeping in the open—the North is warm in summertime—and began to pan in the bed of the Creek.

I had panned like that for many weary days, and my hands, once used only to the handling of law books, were horny hard, my back like a piece of sabre steel.

Suddenly, as I worked away, washing the dirt, I saw a dull, yellow glint. Could it be? I examined the stuff in my hand.

It was!

I looked at it, dull, yellow, unromantic-looking stuff, and I asked myself: Was it for this that I had come across a continent and toiled for nearly two hard years?

But a colour may mean but little.

There are plenty of creeks where a man, by working eight hours a day, can wash enough gold to make wages. Livingstone, I realised, might be just like that.

### *"Never quit"*

It was not, I told myself, quite time to do a war-dance. But my heart raced and with quickened pulse I went to it.

I could have carried on, panning for further traces, until evening. But I decided that the best course was to hike back to our cache—the base where our heavy gear was stowed—to get the necessary tackle to begin operations in real earnest.

That meant a run of fifty miles down stream. One thing remained to be done first—to stake our claim. That we quickly did, driving in our pegs and recording our names as joint discoverers.

Discoverers of what? That was the point. Mere pay dust? Or Bonanza!

Next day, panning on run-rods, we got down to it. We had been panning for about half an hour when I saw what we had been looking for for two years—a nugget.

It was not a big nugget, quite a small one, worth, maybe, two dollars. But a nugget with a message. For where you find one nugget, you'll surely find more. Nuggets are gregarious as buffaloes.

Sure enough, within five minutes my partner hailed me with a wild whoop. In his hand he held a nugget, a better one than mine, some fifteen dollars' worth of gold.

We knew that we had at long last struck lucky. And so it turned out. Our mine was no Bonanza, to be sure, but it was a good mine and repaid us well for our two years of unremitting toil and hardship.

So, looking back over my life, I reckon my supreme hour was when I discovered that first nugget. It was not so much the gold itself, though that was good to see, but the final triumph of hope. It taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. It is this: *Never quit.*

Many a man came out of the Klondyke broke because he had not the heart to stay with the game. Many of those who did as we did came out with enough money to keep them going for life.

But I doubt whether there lives the man who can be dead sure of his finest hour. I have given this finding of my first nugget as mine—and now I wonder.

Life is queer, its experiences many. So now I ask myself: Was that moment any finer than that when I was first returned to the Dominion Parliament as Member for the Yukon Territory?

And I can't be sure.

Another hour thrusts itself up in recent memory—the hour when I prepared myself to enter the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa as Speaker of that august assembly.

### *The gold of hearts*

A great moment, that, a great memory. Is it crowded out by that supreme hour of triumph in the silence of the Great North?

A hard question to answer, the harder because yet another memory comes boldly forward and makes its claim. "What," my memory asks me, about the war-time moment when you first walked up a communication trench and received your baptism of fire?"

Maybe, in looking far back, I had forgotten that. And I ought not to have done so. For if I found pure gold in the Yukon, I also found it in the mud of Flanders, where I mined it from the hearts of the men I had brought with me from the Far North.

And that is a claim no man can jump from me. Gold of the earth is, after all—just gold. But the gold of the hearts of men—that is something bigger, finer, and more precious.

My greatest hour? A hard question, indeed, as memories crowd in and every hour of the past takes on a glamour that makes it precious. But maybe that is because it is beyond recall.

But, there, I've chosen my greatest. The finding of that first gold nugget it shall be.

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

# The Punters' "Box"

THE punters' Christmas box—the entries for the Lincolnshire Handicap—is up to the usual standard, and from now onwards I expect there will be many of us who will fall for the tempting prices offered by the ante-post layers.

In view of Jerome Fandor's success twelve months ago, a strong Northern contingent was assured, but it should be remembered that in the past the bulk of the Carholme prizes have come South.

So far as I know, two horses, Alluvial and Totaig, are going to be specially prepared for the race, and, if anyone wishes to couple them up with a "National" candidate, they can take a chance with Kellsboro' Jack.

The Wroughton 'chaser's lapse at Nottingham last week was a matter of sheer bad luck.

He alithered, after landing over a jump, for about thirty yards before losing his balance.

The best of the Boxing Day programmes is at Hurst Park, and, with a little luck, we may be able to win sufficient to make up for some of the Christmas expenses.

My selections for the six events are: Max, Dream Ship, Irish Lord, Knight of Knockeevan, Render and Fortnum.

By the way, you will find that the *Sporting Life Weekly Edition* will keep you up to the minute with racing under National Hunt rules.

The staff of sporting contributors is unsurpassed, their views are reliable and their selections worth following. The *Weekly Edition* is on sale every Friday, and is indispensable to every racing enthusiast.

### "SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 22, to Wednesday, December 28.

P U X L W 98 T F O A Q C 93 E B M

V Y 97 Z R N 96 G S K H J I 95 94 D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

FS95KOU would read GO EASY.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

R95Z29398F96898 would read WELLINGTON.

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4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. They all come back for more.
6. The family's favourite.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

**ADDRESS ENTRIES:**
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.


A

Don't let Winter bring them harm!

Safeguard their health with Scott's Emulsion—rich in vitamins, health-promoting cod liver oil and bone forming hypophosphites. This tonic nourishment is the children's surest aid against coughs and colds.

*Insist on genuine*
SCOTT'S EMULSION
For Health this Winter

B

Quaker Oats is the family's best health assurance, giving strength and energy to young and old. Milled from the world's finest oats, Quaker Oats has a rich, delicious flavour that no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

QUAKER OATS
MADE IN CANADA

C

Send post-card for Free Sample to Eucryl Ltd. (Dept. C 48.) Southampton.

Eucryl Tooth Powder contains nothing that can injure the softest enamel. There is absolutely no grit or pumice in Eucryl. Its cleansing properties prevent dental decay, and make possible healthy gums and fragrant breath. Sold by all Chemists. Tins 3d. 7½d. and 1/-

EUCRYL TOOTH POWDER

D

THEY COST NO MORE THAN ORDINARY COOKED PEAS.

Batchelor's
ENGLISH GROWN CANNED Peas

AND THEY ARE THE BEST YOU CAN BUY!

They are sweet, tender, and tempting: already cooked to perfection, they only require a few minutes' heating and they are ready to serve. Their flavour is simply delicious; and don't forget: Batchelor's Cans are made with a special lining which ensures absolute purity!

E

TAKE HOME HEALTH TO-NIGHT

You can make the most delicious Beef Tea with one of these little cubes, even more nourishing than Grannie used to make, for they are rich in the body-building Vitamin A. A Wincarnis Beef Cube in a glass of hot milk makes the most sustaining of all hot drinks. 6d. for 4 in cartons, to preserve all the nourishment, from all good grocers and chemists.

WINCARNIS
BEEF CUBES

*In case of difficulty, send direct to Colemen and Company, Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.*

F

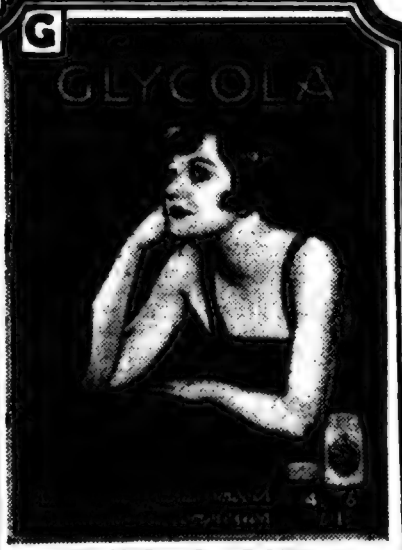
A boon to all!
*Real Home Brewed.*

It's the genuine Malt and Hops that make Dr. Watson's such a fine drink, and enables you to produce a real home-brewed Stout or Ale at less than 1d. per pint. A 6d. box brews 2 gallons. Sold by all Grocers and Chemists, or send 6d. for sample box.

Dr. WATSON'S TONIC BEVERAGE MAKER

BIRMINGHAM FOOD SUPPLY Co., Ltd. VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

G




FREE SAMPLE

Send Post Card (1d. stamp) to-day for Generous Free Sample of this wonderful preparation which protects the face and hands against the vagaries of the weather and smooths and beautifies the complexion.

CLARK'S GLYCOLA CO., LTD., Dept. "J.B." Oak Grove, Cricklewood, N.W.2.
*Of all Chemists and Hairdressers.*


**3 FREE ENTRY FORM**

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right. | | | | | | | |

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SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

(Section 3) Write clearly in Ink.

**Coupons for Section 3**

Other £20 Contests on pages 14, 21 and 25


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# It's An Old YULE CUSTOM

WE take Christmas customs for granted, seldom knowing anything of their origins.

How many people, for instance, know that Christmas boxes originated in the old custom of distributing in church the contents of the alms-box by the priest?

This was the start. Later, apprentices used to call upon their masters' customers with a box, asking for donations. Thus the custom became general.

Take decorations. This custom, surprisingly enough, goes back to Roman days, when the people used to decorate their houses in December with green foliage in honour of Saturn.

Christianity annexed this custom, stressing the use of holly, once known as holy-tree. The holly was regarded as Christ's thorn, and still is in Germany and Scandinavia. This is because its red berries come about Christmas time.

Early Christians called it the righteous branch. They referred to the Book of Isaiah: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary."

That is why we decorate our churches with holly.

## *The Tree of Time*

Mistletoe, however, is never used in churches It is associated with a Scandinavian legend that it was with an arrow of this wood that the god Balder was slain.

Balder, however, was restored to life at the request of the gods and goddesses, and the mistletoe was given to the Goddess of Love to keep, and everyone who passed under it received a kiss, to show that the branch was the emblem of love and not of death.

Christmas trees also take us back to ancient Scandinavia. It was first of all the Scandinavian ash, the Tree of Time, whose roots penetrate to heaven. The modern custom came to us from Germany.

The carols we sing, or sometimes hear too much of, were once the commemoration of the song of the angels to the shepherds of the Nativity. In olden days the bishops used to sing carols and play games on Christmas Day.

Pass from the decorations to the dinner-table, and one finds the same thing—links with a remote past.

For instance, mince pies are really emblematical of the manger in which Christ was born. The pastry was once made in the form of a cratch, or hay-rack.

The turkey, as the only proper Christmas dinner, has had a run of three hundred and fifty years. Before it boar's head, sirloin of beef and goose were the fashion.

Turkeys, strangely enough, are natives of North America, and were brought to England by our sixteenth century explorers. It is said that one of Cabot's lieutenants brought back the first turkey.

## *Crackers are new*

The beautiful flesh of the turkey soon became popular. Those were the days of huge eating, which is probably the reason Archbishop Cranmer ordered the clergy to eat only one dish of turkey on Christmas Day.

The origin of the Christmas pudding dates back to Elizabethan days at least. Such puddings, however, were always a part of English fare from a much earlier time Recipes still exist that were in vogue in Elizabeth's reign, and the ingredients have not changed a great deal since then.

Unlike most Christmas customs, the use of crackers for after-dinner fun is a romance of modern business. There were no such things as crackers eighty-five years ago.

We owe them to the French, since it was the French *bon-bon*, a sweet wrapped in artistic coloured paper, that gave an English confectioner his idea. He introduced the *bon-bon* into England, but went further by wrapping verses and mottoes and even small presents with the sweetmeat, the idea being to introduce the novelty for Christmas time.

Then, one day, as he sat beside a log fire that was cracking and popping, he got the notion of putting some small explosive into the Christmas *bon-bons*. Thus, as *bon-bons*, his innovation passed to become the familiar cracker.

The Yule log, because of the deforestation of England, has ceased to play the big part it once did. Even so, in the country, the custom of burning the Yule log persists.

In the early days our ancestors lit great candles on Christmas Eve and lay a great log upon the open fire. It was called the Yule log or Christmas-block.

The object was to make the house as light as possible, because Christmas was then known as the Feast of Lights, the symbol of the Light of the World.

The same origin explains the use of candles on our Christmas trees and table decorations.

In some parts of northern England the Yule log custom has persisted, with a large lump of coal in place of wood. The origin is the same, though in the course of the years the original purpose has been forgotten.

The sending of Christmas cards is merely a modern method of doing what was customary fifteen centuries or more ago.

Christmas being the period of good will, people exchanged greetings on meeting. To-day, with the resources of the world's postal systems, we send greetings by letter.

## *Evicting the devils*

The idea of making these greetings on decorative cards with appropriate words and seasonal pictures came from an Englishman in the early days of Queen Victoria.

The Christmas card caught on, and now everybody sends these cards, and a vast business has sprung up to cater for the demand.

The custom of the Christmas peals takes us again back into the days of superstition. Church bells were originally rung in order to drive all devils out of the churches. Thus, at Christmas, it became usual to start before daylight with bell-ringing, and the custom has remained.

It will be seen that few of our familiar Christmas customs are continued because we bear in mind their original purpose.

Even the waits who serenade us (sometimes rather more than we desire) can show a respectably ancient lineage. They descend from those watchmen whose job it was to "pipe the watch" nightly in the King's Court.

There was a time when London waits had their own uniform, but the custom has vanished or undergone a change from its origin.

*Each year at an Elizabethan manor, near Windsor, custom dictates that the menservants, dressed in period costumes, shall cut the yule log to the strains of a serving-maid's fiddle*

# The Greatest of These . .

BECAUSE the answer to "What can alone ennoble fight?" is "A noble cause," the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund has fought through the difficult year of 1932 to save the homes of many of the unemployed, and by timely help to restore the nerve of ex-Service men and their wives who had all but given up the fight of striving to make ends meet on reduced unemployment pay.

And what marvellous feats of endurance and skilful housekeeping the majority of the wives to-day are called upon to perform when their husbands are out of work—those husbands frequently suffering from the effects of their war service.

They must pay their rents, often preposterously high, because with a family of young children it is difficult to find cheaper accommodation.

They must keep up their insurances; must feed and clothe their little ones; and pay for fuel and light on anything from 27s. a week to 35s. 3d., according to the size of their families. And sometimes the money is less.

* * *

Then, when at the last gasp through some added burden caused by death or sickness, or because "dad" has been out of a job so long that he has been knocked off the "dole," or the relief granted by the Public Assistance Committee has ceased, and the family is faced with the dissolution of their home and the workhouse, they have turned to our War Sufferers' Fund, which has helped them on to their feet again.

Throughout the past year, grants from the Fund have over and over again settled arrears of rent, and saved families from being evicted. Many kiddies who had "no boots to their feet" have trotted off to school dry shod. Newborn babes, for whose entrance into the world no provision could be made, have been clothed in little garments.

And children of all ages have been made just a little more presentable by gifts of clothing, or warmer at night because the bedclothes which were in pawn have been redeemed.

Empty grates and empty mouths have been filled, and smiles have taken the place of tears on many a troubled mother's face, because the postman delivered a registered letter from JOHN BULL that morning.

* * *

Grateful letters of thanks run like threads of gold through the Fund's files of documents.

"I wish to thank you," wrote an ex-Service man in January, 1932, "for the aid you have given me. I cannot write all I feel. Words are inadequate and seem so futile. I wish you could have heard my wife's exclamation, 'What a god-send!' Her next words were to the kiddies: 'Hurry home from school. We shall have a good dinner waiting.'"

Help, in varying degrees, has come as a god-send in response to our special weekly appeals for "Annie," "Kathleen," "Little J. C.," "Vera," "Richard," "Wee Tim," and so on.

An "Old Couple's Tragedy" was softened by the help and sympathy our readers gave them. "Henry's" family is now enjoying a delightful holiday in the country. "George's" mother went with a peaceful mind into hospital for the coming of "the new baby."

But the special weekly appeals form only a small portion of those who receive help from the Fund. From January 1, 1932, to the end of November, nearly a thousand monetary grants have been made, and many parcels of clothing despatched.

It is mainly because a number of JOHN BULL readers have acted on the principle that "All mankind's concern is Charity," and have supplied the ammunition to carry on the Fund's fight against poverty, that we are not vanquished.

How can we express our thanks to the Fairy Godfather at Sheffield, without whose generous helping hand many appeals could not have been responded to? And to those good friends, an anonymous Fairy Godmother and a Kind Uncle at Reading?

There are our friends, also, who contribute regularly week by week. They little guess how their donations cheer us up.

Unfortunately, there is another side to the picture. The Fund has a black lining to its silver cloud! Though our grants have greatly exceeded the amount received in donations this year, there are many appeals which had to be refused for lack of means.

And it must not be forgotten that *every penny* subscribed by our readers goes towards helping the needy. The administrative expenses of the Fund are borne by JOHN BULL

* * *

So we must go on begging our subscribers to continue their support, if we are to carry on in 1933. And we would welcome many more. It is an excellent way of responding to the call of the Personal Service League, and the still higher call of "The Greatest of These"—which is Charity.

*"In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,*
*But all mankind's concern is Charity."*

# £20 MUST BE WON FITTING PHRASES NO ENTRANCE FEE

On this page are reproduced seven advertisements and a series of descriptive phrases. Which phrase do you consider best applies to each advertisement? A prize of £20 will be awarded to the reader who on either form submits the correct or nearest correct placing of the seven phrases in the most appropriate manner as decided by the Advertisement Director of "John Bull." In the event of a tie the prize of £20 will be equally divided. The prize of £20 must be won. THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE—all that you have to do is to study carefully the advertisements and the phrases on this page. Each advertisement has a LETTER in the top left-hand corner and each of the phrases is NUMBERED. On the Entry Form below indicate in INK the way in which the seven phrases in your opinion apply most aptly to each of the seven advertisements by writing PHRASE NUMBERS in the blank spaces underneath the LETTERS on Coupon. No phrase may be used more than once. No correspondence will be entered into. Send your entries in an envelope sealed (1½d. stamp).

**CLOSING DATE:**
**Sat., Jan. 7th, 1933.**
The name of the winner or winners will be announced in "John Bull" issue published Thursday, Jan. 26.

**FIT THESE PHRASES**

1. You can't do better than try it.
2. To be so popular it must be good.
3. Goes further—lasts longer.
4. You may pay more—you won't do better.
5. They all come back for more.
6. The family's favourite.
7. Worthy of its reputation for economy and quality.

**ADDRESS ENTRIES:**
Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"
57-59, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

**ORANGES are Nature's Medicine**

*And there's nothing to pay on the bottle*

**A MEAL IN A MOMENT**

Delicious—Nourishing—Digestive—Good for Invalids and those suffering from Gastric trouble—No preparation—No cooking—A feast for Xmas—Ready to serve with all your cold joints, etc.

**SMITH'S CRISPS**

SOLD EVERYWHERE 2d. A PACKET, AND LARGER SIZES
*BUY THEM NOW.*

C **ONE LITTLE WORD— and daylight itself is at your command.**

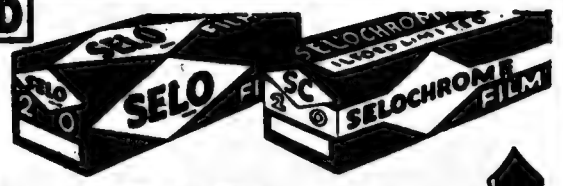
Daylight is always at your service when an Aladdin is in your home. For Aladdin has all the qualities of Nature's incomparable handiwork. White in colour, abundant in quantity, clean, silent, safe and beneficial. Aladdin Lamps burn ordinary paraffin at a cost of less than a farthing an hour.

*The Cottage model Super-Aladdin Lamp, in nickel, polished brass or satin brass, £2-2-0. Shades extra. Aladdin No. 12 model.* **33/-**

SAY THE MAGIC WORD
**A-L-A-D-D-I-N**

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES LIMITED
*Aladdin Building, Greenford, Middx., London*
*234 Aladdin Showrooms: 48 Mortimer St. (near Oxford Circus), W.1. Paris: 149 Boulevard Ney.*

D




**SELO and SELOCHROME**

The finest Roll Films in the World for all weathers

**MADE IN ENGLAND**

E **STOP that cough!**

And right away! Take Galloway's—the proven remedy—at the first sign of trouble and drive away Coughs and Colds before they become really serious.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Foster, of 25, William Road, Sutton, Surrey, writes:—"My little boy had whooping cough, which left him with a very bad cough, and although we tried with every known remedy he could not shake it off. We were advised to try 'GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP,' and much to our relief this quickly cured him."

**GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP**

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

F

**DISCIPLINE YOUR HAIR don't oil it!**

Grease soils linen, makes the hair sticky and dusty—and won't control unruly hair. Anzora, the first and finest fixative is completely free from it.

**ANZORA CREAM AND VIOLA BOTH MASTER THE HAIR**

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps. To make sure get ANZORA—sold in 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 bottles at all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

G

*Ahoy there... is the bath ready?*

What a time he has in the bath! Playing submarines, swimming the Channel, racing his yacht, 'The Sponge' . . . doing everything and leaving little time for washing. But mother has taught him to use WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP—that frothy, fragrant soap that cleans and freshens as it washes. And she knows that Wright's protects from infection. Here he is clean and healthy with all the splashings over and not a trace of dirt on him. No wonder he likes using

**WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP**

**4 FREE ENTRY FORM**

| Key Letters of Advertisements | A | B | C | D | E | F | G |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right. | | | | | | | |

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....
(Section 4) Write clearly in Ink.

**Coupons for Section 4**

**Other £20 Contests on pages 14, 21 and 23**

**4 FREE ENTRY FORM**

| Key Letters of Advertisements | A | B | C | D | E | F | G |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right. | | | | | | | |

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....
(Section 4) Write clearly in Ink.

# What to do to help a Child

ANYONE knowing of a child who has been assaulted, neglected, or ill-treated in a manner likely to cause unnecessary suffering or injury to health, or of an ailing or crippled child who might be benefited by treatment, or knowing of a parent who is seeking advice on any matter concerning a child, would be doing an act of great kindness by communicating at once with the

LOCAL DISTRICT OFFICE
*or to Director*
WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT,

**THE WHOLE COURSE of some unhappy little life may be changed by your Christmas gift to**

*The* **N.S.P.C.C**

VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER-SQ. LONDON, W.C.2.

Kindly send to SIR G. WYATT TRUSCOTT, *Hon. Treasurer*, or WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT, *Director*, NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2

*Chairman:*
THE VISCOUNT ULLSWATER, G.C.B.



A COMPLETE SERVICE — THE BIG TWO — RACING & FOOTBALL

**THE SAME GENEROUS TERMS as offered by the "Big Two" for the Flat apply to Racing under**

**NATIONAL HUNT RULES**

Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Systems —all accepted.

**FIRST FAVOURITES**

accepted for Singles, Doubles, and Accumulators.

**LETTER COMMISSIONS** are accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules.

**STARTING PRICE**
If your Commission bears a postal time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—you will be on at full Starting Price.

**ANTE-POST ODDS**
Commissions received at long odds before the day of the race will be on at full market price queued at time of posting.

**FOOTBALL**

**14 LISTS TO CHOOSE FROM**
6 LEAGUE, 5 LEAGUE, 4 LEAGUE.
**Nothing Barred, Nothing Starred**

**DAVID COPE**
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.,
227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2


# OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

THE day I travelled up part of the Chilean Andes on mule-back. The road allows only a small motor-car and a mule to squeeze past each other, and is cut out of the mountains. The mules are often frightened and sometimes start to kick.

On this day I was with a small party, and a motor-car came down. I had to make the mule stand still on the very edge for one minute, which seemed an age, until the car had passed slowly along.

One slip and both the mule and myself would have rolled to the bottom, some 500 ft.—*Doris Hedley, Towcester.*

## Wrong Letter

My wife had been ailing some weeks, and returning from business one evening I found her absent, a note lying on the table for me. As I read it, my heart stood still. "You will find me in the river; do come!"

I rushed to a small houseboat belonging to us, and there found her quite happy with some friends who had called.

As I showed the note, she smilingly explained that in her haste she had made the mistake of putting "in" instead of "on."—*Thankful, Worcs.*

## Mother's Ordeal

Well do I remember the eve of August 4, 1914, for my four sons, all eligible for the Army, had been discussing the prospects of war and the part they might have to play in it.

We waited up for the evening special editions, and my heart stood still as, with trembling hands and hot eyes, I read the dread news, "War Declared!"

Turning to my sons, I read in their averted faces the fate I and millions of other helpless mothers have to undergo at dreadful times like that. Heaven spare us such another.—*Mrs. A. Andrews, Manchester.*

## Fortunate Error

My friend had purchased a new car, and it was our first trial spin. We had not gone far before we ran into a terrific thunderstorm.

The road on either side was flanked with tall trees, and suddenly one began to topple towards us.

My friend nearly lost control, but with a sudden lurch the car bounded forward, and the tree fell with a crash just behind us.

It was a mistake that saved our lives. My friend's intention was to pull up sharply, but instead he had placed his foot on the accelerator.—*H. E. N., Birmingham.*

## Needless Fright

Going home along a lonely lane one winter night, I noticed a man was following me. Being scared, I took to my heels and ran, only to hear the man doing the same.

He had nearly gained on me when I stopped and waited for whatever was to come. He came up to me and asked what was my hurry.

It appeared that he had asked someone the direction to a certain place, and the person knew I was going that way and told the man to follow.

What a relief when he explained! We continued our journey together. — *Miss G. Dawes, Glamorgan.*

## At the Window

Years ago, as a girl, I was employed in Pretoria, South Africa. I had a bedroom on the ground floor.

I was awakened one night by a nigger trying to get in the window. I thought of the electric bell by my bed, and kept my finger on it.

The nigger bolted when he heard it ringing, but I'll never forget the fright I had when I saw his black, leering face at the window.—*A. T., London.*

## Something Soft

One night, while serving in the Army in India, I was put on sentry. Feeling something soft brushing against my legs, I patted it, and imagined that it was a dog belonging to a native.

When I glanced down and saw that I was fondling a panther my heart stood still.

With a yell I dropped my rifle, which brought out the guard to see what was the matter. My chums were just in time to see the panther disappearing through the darkness.—*J. D. P., Edinburgh.*

## Welcome Surprise

For a long time staff reductions had seemed imminent, and it was not a surprise when my employer sent for me.

"I have been making enquiries about your work," he said, "and I find that——" He paused, as though the task he had to perform were an unwelcome one, and my heart, I am sure, stopped beating.

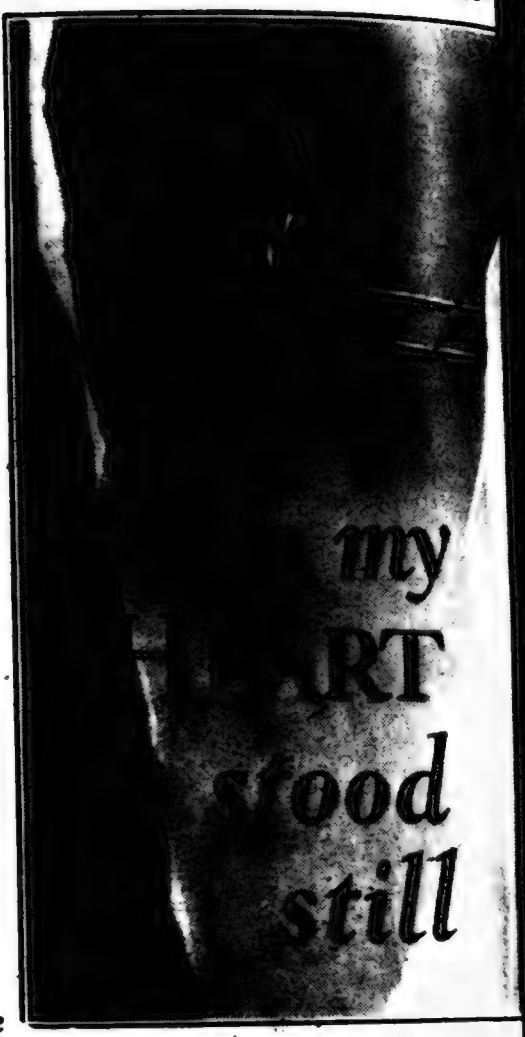
"I find that your work has been markedly satisfactory," he continued, "and I therefore propose to increase your salary from this week onwards!"—*C. P., Middlesbrough.*

## Close Shave

A child who had alighted with some companions from a stationary 'bus was crossing the road and was in danger of being run over by a motor-lorry.

I flung myself in front of the lorry and managed to snatch the child to safety. In doing so I slipped and the lorry passed over me, fortunately without touching me.

I must confess that my heart stood still as I threw the child to safety, and also when I failed to jump clear myself, but slipped under the lorry.—*Ex-Signalman, Chatham.*




## The Hand of Fear

*ONCE I joined a party of danger-courting mountaineers in Switzerland and one of our most perilous climbs had for its climax the crossing of a deep chasm by means of a frail wooden ladder stretched from one ledge to another.*

*As I was halfway across I foolishly glanced down through the ladder's rungs—down to where, hundreds of feet below, the jagged base rocks showed dimly through the thin mist. . . .*

*Fear gripped my heart, almost choked me, and it was all I could do to will my paralysed limbs to carry me the rest of the distance.*—*Sadie, Durham.*

## Caged

I was a miner, and one of thirty men descending a pit 580 yards deep. When 88 yards from the bottom, the cage struck the side of the shaft and stopped abruptly.

The shock extinguished our lamps, hurled two men to their doom, and caused several others to be severely injured. Then the top of the cage collapsed on top of us.

Suspended there in the darkness, terrified of what would happen next, is when my heart stood still.—*W. E., Rhondda.*

## Long Enough

We met in March and became engaged in June, and now on a September afternoon we were being married.

As he slipped the ring on my finger, my heart stood still.

Had I been too hasty, or should we have waited a year or so? Was a six months' courtship long enough to assure myself that he was "Mr. Right"?

This happened eighteen months ago, and I am glad to say that my fears have proved unfounded.—*G. D., Dalston.*

* * *

We were descending after my first flight and I saw the earth apparently rushing up to meet us.—*G. Fielding, Bolton.*

Out of work and unused to children, my heart stood still when they told me I was the father of twins.—*W. W., Leics.*

When, after applying for transitional benefit, the means-test official came to my home.—*J. C., Wandsworth.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, December 27.

**My Tragedy was Good for Me—and Why.**

# EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

## Selections for December 24

**FIRST DIVISION.**
**(1) EVERTON v. Wolverhampton.
(2) SUNDERLAND v. Chelsea.
(3) ARSENAL v. Sheffield U.
*(4) W.B. ALBION v. Leicester.
(5) Birmingham v. Portsmouth.
(6) BLACKBURN v. Middlesbrough.
(7) Blackpool v. NEWCASTLE.
(8) DERBY v. Aston Villa.
(9) LEEDS v. Bolton.
(10) MANCHESTER C. v. Huddersfield.
*(11) WEDNESDAY v. Liverpool.

**SECOND DIVISION.**
(1) WEST HAM v. Plymouth.
(2) MILLWALL v. Oldham.
(3) Bradford C. v. Stoke.
(4) PORT VALE v. Grimsby.
**(5) BURY v. Burnley.
(6) Chesterfield v. Charlton.
(7) FULHAM v. Forest.
(8) LINCOLN v. Bradford.
(9) Notts C. v. HOTSPUR.
*(10) SOUTHAMPTON v. Preston.
(11) SWANSEA v. Manchester U.

**SOUTHERN SECTION.**
**(1) BRENTFORD v. Aldershot.
(2) SWINDON v. Cardiff.
(3) TORQUAY v. Q. P. Rangers.
(4) BOSCOMBE v. Watford.
(5) BRISTOL C. v. Brighton.
(6) Orient v. READING.
(7) COVENTRY v. Bristol R.
*(8) EXETER v. Southend.
(9) Luton v. C. Palace.
(10) NEWPORT v. Gillingham.
(11) Northampton v. Norwich.

**NORTHERN SECTION.**
(1) HALIFAX v. Rotherham.
(2) WALSALL v. Chester.
**(3) WREXHAM v. New Brighton.
(4) Barnsley v. Southport.
(5) DARLINGTON v. York.
(6) Doncaster v. Crewe.
(7) GATESHEAD v. Barrow.
(8) Hartlepools v. Mansfield.
**(9) HULL v. Rochdale.
(10) STOCKPORT v. Carlisle.
(11) Tranmere v. Accrington.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE**
(1) Kilmarnock v. MOTHERWELL.
(2) QUEEN'S PARK v. Ayr.
(3) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Third Lanark.
(4) Aberdeen v. Celtic.
**(5) CLYDE v. Airdrie.
(6) FALKIRK v. Cowdenbeath.
*(7) HAMILTON v. Dundee.
(8) HEARTS v. Partick.
(9) MORTON v. E. Stirling.
*(10) RANGERS v. St. Mirren.

## SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—1 (*H*); Div. II.—9 (*A*); Southern Section—8 (*H*); Northern Section—3 (*H*); Scottish League—6 (*H*) would indicate Everton, Hotspur, Exeter, Wrexham and Clyde.

# *Smart appearance got him a Better Job*

Had you seen Carter you would have said he was the man to get promotion. He's not only efficient, he *shows* it; looks keen — result of being always well-shaved. Which means that he isn't content to use ordinary soap for shaving; *he* uses one that's made specially for the job. Yet you'll never find him paying a shilling or more. Not likely! He pays *only sixpence* for Lever's Easy Shaving Stick, which his wife gets for him at her dealer's. Gives him a close, comfortable shave a hundred times over.

*100 shaves for 6d*

A LEVER PRODUCT E 217-178-88

*As Christmas is the Time for Good Things -*

GIVE

# PLAYER'S

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

VELOUTY FOR BEAUTY

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

## VELOUTY DE DIXOR

THE ORIGINAL
COMBINED CREAM AND POWDER

FREE: 3 TRIAL TUBES OF VELOUTY
Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of mailing to DIXOR (LIMITED), D.3, 68 Newman Street, London W. 1. (Write in block letters).
Name _____
Address _____

## STEAD Razor Blades

In Wallets of 7 blades for 6D

USE A "STEAD" INSTEAD
*the once-over Blade.*
Supplied in a handy Wallet enabling you to use each blade once per week for months and months.
*You cannot buy better blades*

# HUGE 2-IN-1 FIRST AND HAMPERS FOR JOHN BULL'S XMAS X-WORD

# £800 and 30/- A WEEK FOR LIFE

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £800

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

EXTRA £100 BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO SIXPENNY ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

THIS BIG HAMPER ADDED TO EVERY PRIZE

THESE TEN SEASONABLE LUXURIES ARE CONTAINED IN THESE HAMPERS···

PLUMP SURREY FOWL···SAUSAGES ···PLUM PUDDING···DUNDEE CAKE···MUSCATELS & ALMONDS ···CHOCOLATES···CIGARETTES ···CRACKERS···BISCUITS AND A BOTTLE OF FINE OLD PORT

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30/- a week and £300 cash (or a lump sum of £800 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. A big Hamper added to every winner's prize. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 7th, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 12th, 1933.

**You could find no better companion for the Christmas fireside than this "John Bull" Crossword. Solve the entertaining puzzle below and your reward may be the great 2-in-1 First Prize of £300 in cash and a Life Pension of 30s. a week!**

**Awards for Runners-up amounting to £200 are also to be won as announced—and to every cash winner we shall despatch a Giant Hamper. This is the final offer of Hampers in addition to big cash Prizes for Crosswords—but look out for next week's big new surprise!**

**For this Christmas competition only, you may enter 4 coupons (8 squares in all), 2 from this week's and 2 from last week's issue. See your entry is in by this week's special closing date—Friday, December 30.**

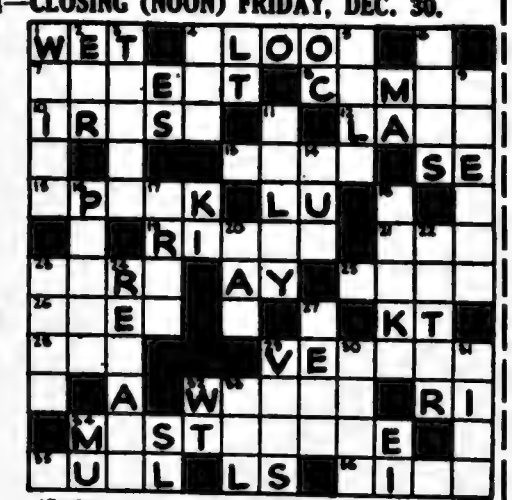
## FOR THIS CONTEST ONLY

Each entrant is allowed to submit last week's two entry forms and those on this page.

For one entry form (TWO SQUARES) entry fee is P.O. value SIXPENCE. Extra entry forms at same rate.

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 194—CLOSING (NOON) FRIDAY, DEC. 30.

JB·194



JB·194

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

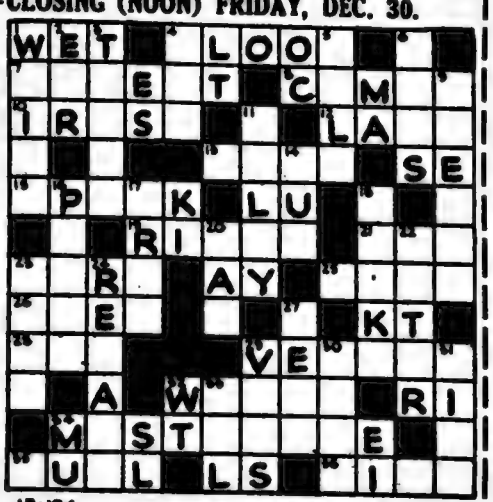
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 194—CLOSING (NOON) FRIDAY, DEC. 30.

JB·194



JB·194

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

**SPECIAL XMAS CLOSING DATE.** Owing to Christmas holidays, this contest closes one day later than usual—at Noon, Friday, Dec. 30.

## CLUES ACROSS

1. Opposite of "dry."
4. Describes snobbish person.
7. Take into custody.
8. Funny.
10. Some whiskey is this.
12. Criminals hate a stroke with this.
13. Helps to make soil productive.
15. Say something.
19. What burglars do to safes.
21. Rowing man uses one.
23. Usually has horse in front of it.
25. What baby should be when it's cold.
26. Highest cards.
28. Collection.
29. Ship.
32. His arm goes round hers.
34. Don't miss a kiss under this.
35. Describes sonny, after too much merry-making.
36. Smoke rises from this.

## CLUES DOWN

1. They need something from you at Xmas.
2. Make a mistake.
3. Describes amateurish author's work.
4. Don't drop this on the carpet.
5. We like to see our old ones at Xmas.
6. Is invited under mistletoe.
9. Describes a bright colour.
11. A little brightens up the party.
14. Be sorry for.
16. China often lacks.
17. Crafts.
18. Connected with eyes.
20. Goes-round, doing useful work.
22. Star-like flower.
23. Hospital has to nurse.
24. Tell a story.
27. Duck may be seen in this.
29. Competes with.
30. Cease.
31. Livi g.
33. Wifey's share of wages.

## NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

JB·194

**Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 193**

Winners in 192 on page 2. Result of 193 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 193 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

### NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

## ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 194, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

### READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Friday, December 30, 1932.

2.—No competitor may submit more than four Double Entry Forms (eight squares)—two double entry forms from this week's announcement and two from last week's. Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 12th, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, January 24th, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

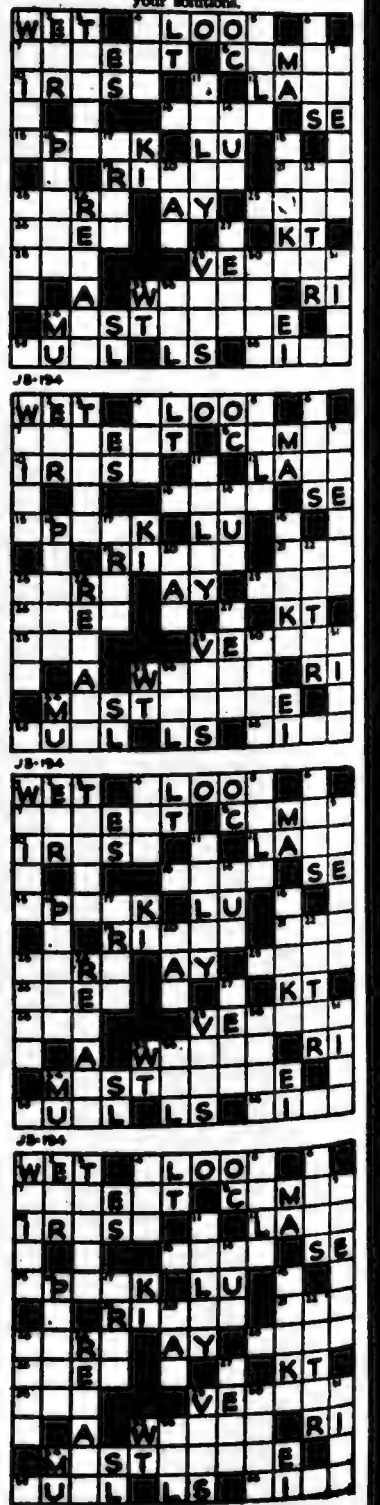
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

### KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB·194

# The Editor Laughs Last

*D. K. (Dorking).—"A single human hair will support a weight of 4oz. before breaking." But many a proud father has found that baby tugs harder than that.*

A. T. (Hull).—"After all, the modern girl is a contented creature." Provided she gets all she is after.

C. R. (Brentwood).—"My husband can read me like a book." Because you are such a plain type?

T. T. (Kew).—"My wife is presenting me with a pair of braces." So now you simply must buy her that fur coat!

D. A. (Wrexham).—"He is a wise man who can tell a woman's age." But never does.

R. L. (Brighton).—"A man bought my motor-boat but hasn't paid me for it." A floating debt.

A. R. (Crawley).—"An American prison is to have a radio set in every cell." Maybe this is a method of punishment.

D. L. (Deal).—"Iceland is a prosperous country." Naturally. They export all their depressions.

K. H. (Ripon).—"Isn't it about time we dropped all silly jokes about anglers?" Let them lie in peace?

GEORGE (Bootle).—"I've invented a noiseless hammer." What happens when you hit your thumb?

B. W. (Derby).—"Modern doctors are clever at telling you what you have got." And then taking it.

T. B. (Sheffield).—"A man can never tell what a woman is going to do." Neither can a woman.

SWAIN (Oldham).—"I shall be able to give my fiancée all she wants when we marry." We suppose all she wants is you.

W. H. (Cambridge).—"My husband often walks home unexpectedly." Because he doesn't anticipate backing losers?

D. K. (Crewe).—"I don't know why I fell in love." Possibly because you lost your reason.

T. W. (Harlesden).—"I've broadcast on the wireless." We've shouted at a football match, too.

M. H. (Staines).—"My small son narrowly missed hitting my neighbour with a stone." Did you say how sorry you were?

W. C. (Brixton).—"I was chucker-out at a South African saloon." Did you get paid according to your output?

FRED (South Shields).—"A man does not amount to much once he is over thirty." Well spoken, old chap!

JESS (Manchester).—"There doesn't seem much in the Yo-Yo game." Except for the inventor.

Miss G. (Barnet).—"An American girl recently insured her nose." Perhaps she is a talkie actress.

A. H. (Milton).—"A tax in Sark is paid in fowls." In this country, the taxpayers themselves are plucked.

M. P. (Hinton).—"My cashier was found practising my signature." That's a bad sign.

T. B. (Ripley).—"Like everybody, I was born ignorant." And unlike most people, you have never got over it.

M. A. (Bristol).—"I have discovered exactly how much I mean to the business." Don't let your boss find out.

R. Y. (Barnsley).—"Professional football is in a thoroughly rotten state." Another home team spoiled your coupon?

R. T. (Lewes).—"People holding important positions write regularly to me." We've also just received our income-tax assessment.

P. H. (Chatham).—"Though my sailor friend had my name tattooed on his chest he eventually gave me up." Proving that his affection was only skin deep.

V. W. (Manchester).—"I am writing a History of the Great War in verse." Is there any need for you to add to the horrors of the conflict?"

C. A. (Chelmsford).—"Last month mackerel were 1s. a pound. Now they want only 8d. for the same fish." Even that is too much for fish over a month old.

Miss L. M. (Chelsea).—"The bridesmaids at a recent wedding were dressed in pale grey." No doubt they realised that the colour would tone well with the bridegroom.

G. G. R. (Bristol).—"A suit of armour has been stolen from a Somerset mansion." Perhaps the deed was perpetrated by a man who anticipates having to hang the holly this year.

G. H. (Birkenhead).—"A Liverpool dustman was recently burned in the hand by smouldering ashes in a dust-bin." We understand, however, that owing to the nearness of Christmas, he controlled an impulse to be irritable about it.

N. B. (Shotton).—"I'm always eager for the fray." Do you work in a laundry?

F. R. (Chiswick).—"China needs a firm hand." We'll tell our maid.

E. T. (Brighton).—"Women are taking up the law." They have always laid it down.

G. B. (Grimsby).—"Surely there's a danger of nudists catching cold?" Well, there's a bare possibility.

G. P. (Dorking).—"A doctor says it is better to lie on the right side." A lawyer might have said that.

D. L. (Iver).—"The London policeman has plenty of character." An arresting personality.

GEORGE (Dulwich).—"My wife orders me about. What can I say to her?" A nice, mild "Yes, dear!" is the safest reply.

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

C. K. (Tring).—"Vegetables can feel." But some cabbages are hard-hearted.

T. M. (Rochester).—"The permanent wave has come to stay." King Canute found that out.

C. N. (Chichester).—"How can I find out what my girl thinks of me?" Marry her.

J. J. (Birmingham).—"I once won a fasting contest." A hollow victory.

G. J. (Hendon).—"Can you recommend a quick breakfast?" Grapefruit—it spurts.

W. B. (Highgate).—"An American animal trainer claims that he has taught a sheep to talk." Sez ewe!

S. T. (Widnes).—"I object to paying income-tax." Let us know if it does any good.

M. R. (Luton).—"This particular young man adores me." Then he can't be so very particular.

C. P. S. (Aylesbury).—"I was indignant when he called me a bare-faced swindler." Have you a moustache?

O. J. (Warsash).—"I am always willing to give my blood for a good cause." Helping to hang the holly?

M.P. (Westminster).—"Some politicians are hopelessly simple." Others simply hopeless.

S. W. (Worthing).—"There is always danger of holly catching fire." And of mistletoe catching a bachelor.

J. N. (Elstree).—"I tell my wife everything." That's not enough. She'll find out more.

C. M. (Amersham).—"It is unusual weather for the time of year." It usually is.

G. H. M. (Ealing).—"Sweethearts often quarrel over mistletoe." But never under it.

N. A. M. (Carnoustie).—"I mean to be a writer some day." If you buy a new nib and keep on practising we think you might just manage it.

R. M. (Walsall).—"After studying night and day for seven years, my boy has been appointed to a Government job." He's certainly earned his rest.

P. Y. (Blackheath).—"What is louder than the drum the average boy gets at Christmas?" The tie the average man gets.

H. M. (Hereford).—"A scientist has produced a tube which, when ignited, gives off a poison gas." Some cigar manufacturers knew the secret a long time ago.

P. G. S. (Yarmouth).—"My landlady seems to have fish on the brain." Well, you ought to be developing brain on the fish. Try for the *Bullets* £500 and 122 other New Year Prizes on page 31.

D. R. (London, N.).—"There was a serious mailbag robbery in my district recently." But unfortunately not until your letter was delivered.

SCIENTIST (Glasgow).—"Sound waves are scattered in all directions." Just like the pages of a newspaper after a woman has been reading it.

DOCTOR (Manchester).—"There is one thing the average man always loses sight of when taking a hot bath." We know—the soap.

WRITER (Kew).—"A well-known poet does all his writing in a room practically bare of furniture." So does many an unknown poet.

T. S. (Chingford).—"I was recently robbed of a large sum of money in a London night-club." You shouldn't have ordered a whole pot of coffee.

Miss A. (South Shields).—"A daily newspaper thinks there should be one short word to describe income-tax assessment notice." They wouldn't print ours.

INSTRUCTOR (London, S.W.).—"It is possible to glide round an ice-rink without using skates." That is exactly what we did the first time we tried using skates.

W. E. (Fulham).—"A raw carrot eaten with each meal is said to cure rheumatism." But a man feels rather an ass ordering a raw carrot at a fashionable restaurant.

ADAMSON :—

*As You Were!*


CONTINUAL PAIN AND ITCHING

Suffered With Weeping Eczema Over Hands. Cuticura Healed.

"I was a sufferer for about six months with weeping eczema that broke out all over my hands and part of my face. The eruptions scaled over and the itching and continual pain made sleep impossible.

"Cuticura Soap and Ointment were recommended to me so I sent for a free sample of each. They helped me so I purchased more and after frequent applications of the Ointment and Soap for about a month I was completely healed." (Signed) J. Ferguson, 44, Newport St., Hunslet, Leeds, Eng., June 5, 1931.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet purposes. Touch pimples and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

NO EGG SCARCITY

—if you add a dash of Colman's Poultry Mustard to your hens' feed. It makes them lay and does them good.

Colman's Poultry Mustard

"Eggs them on"

Colman's Egg Register FREE—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Dept.11-a), Norwich.

THE PACKET THAT SAVES YOUR POCKET

One at a time

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

ASTHMA

Sufferers from bronchial asthma get quicker relief from Vapo-Cresolene inhalation. Soothes at once. Restores normal breathing and induces restful sleep. Drugless, simple, easy to use. Complete directions with every bottle. For 53 years the proved vapour treatment for Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, etc. Of all Chemists.

Vapo-Cresolene

Quickly brings relief.

Send for Booklet B.6A. ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD. 37th, Lombard Street, LONDON, E.C.3

A FREE OFFER

Sufferers from all leg troubles and kindred ailments are offered a generous sample of a new wonder treatment. This, together with a special free booklet and copies of recent testimonials, will be sent to all readers who write to the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. This new biological treatment restores the natural power of healing through the blood. Get full particulars of the "ELASTO" Blood treatment by writing to the above address now.

# B·D·V 'MAC'

## 125 COUPONS

or 115 only if you cut out and send the voucher below

**A 'MAC' FOR 125 COUPONS** *would at any time be a gift to attract attention. And when the 'Mac' is of the quality and style of those illustrated, such a gift is nothing short of marvellous. More important still! — these 'Macs' are being given away by B.D.V—the cigarette that has held such a high place in the affection of smokers for over thirty years . . . . . change to B.D.V to-day!*

GIFT NO. N398. *Gents' Lightweight Waterproof* in finest lightweight fawn material. Choice of models—Double Breasted with belt or Single Breasted with Prussian collar and without belt. All sizes from 34 inch chest to 44 inch, increasing 2 inches a size.

**125 COUPONS**

GIFT NO. E159. *Ladies' Lightweight Waterproof*. A smart coat of finest proofed Indiana. Full-cut pockets and storm cuffs. Choice of colours: Fawn, Blue, Green, Dark Mauve, Dark Rose, Putty.
All sizes 36 inch length to 48 inch, increasing 2 inches a size. Complete range of sizes and colours in stock in London.

**125 COUPONS**

smoke B D V cigarettes
10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

No matter how many coupons you find in a 6d. packet of other brands, together they are not of greater value than one B.D.V coupon.

**CUT THIS OUT NOW**

B.D.V TOBACCO—11½d. per oz. *with coupons*

CHANGE TO-DAY TO B D V — AND GET THE GIFT YOU FANCY FREE


**HOME SAFEGUARDS No. 4.**

THE torch confirms his suspicions in a flash—Burglars! Drawers emptied, the mattress ripped off the bed, everything topsy-turvy.

The night prowlers have chosen their time well—when the owners were at the cinema or visiting friends.

Is YOUR home covered against this ever-growing menace?

Make your home as secure as possible, and then, should burglars or housebreakers defy your efforts, make sure that in case of loss you could look to "John Bull" for a cheque.

"John Bull" provides benefits covering loss by Burglary and House-breaking up to £200.

Sign the registration forms now if you have not yet done so.

**D·A·N·G·E·R!**

**Don't** forget that a catch which can be pushed back by the insertion in the window of a thin steel blade gives very little security. **Don't** omit to see that basement and ground-floor windows are shut in your absence and the catches fastened. Pay special attention to windows near stack-pipes or those which can be reached by climbing into balconies. **Don't** overlook the fact that mortice locks (those fitted into the woodwork), in addition to the ordinary catch locks, make the forcing of doors more difficult. **Don't** fail to tell neighbours and police when your home is left empty for a long period. **Don't** keep valuables in places where the burglar is likely to find them. **Don't** keep a large sum of money at home; it is safer at the bank. **Don't** help burglars to get in by leaving a ladder in or near the grounds.

**AGAINST BURGLARY—FIRE—STORM—FLOOD—SICKNESS—ACCIDENT**
**"JOHN BULL" COVERS YOU FREE.**

CUT HERE

**JOHN BULL**
**Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 24.12.32

CUT HERE

**Post this Coupon to**
"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 24.12.32

See page 3

100 NOVEL BIG 4-IN-1 NEW YEAR PRIZES
1933
GIANT NEW YEAR HAMPER, CONTAINING PLUMP SURREY FOWL AND NINE OTHER SEASON-ABLE LUXURIES
BULLETS SEASON TICKET PROVIDING 104 GO ENTRIES FREE
ROGET'S THESAURUS COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME DE LUXE EDITION
ONE £2 NEW YEAR CHEQUE
FOUR PRIZES FOR ONE 'BULLET'

# BUMPER 'BULLETS' FIRST £500

10,522 OTHER AWARDS...
£50-£25-20-£6
500 OF 26, 2,000 SPECIAL RED SEAL 'TARGETS', 8,000 TARGET PRIZES

## WIN A BIG NEW YEAR PRIZE OVER CHRISTMAS!

ONLY a few days are left for you to secure a place amongst the 123 winners of big New Year Prizes—but those include three valuable days of Christmas leisure! In addition to the big First Prize, there are £50, £25, twenty other substantial cheques, and one hundred more good reasons why you should use the coupons on this page.

These are the novel four-in-one New Year prizes which you see described above. For a few well-chosen words, each of the one hundred winners of these unique awards will receive four prizes in one, comprising a feast of good things for body, mind and purse as well.

As you read slowly through the *Examples* on this page, jot down the ideas they bring to your mind and see how you can add to each of them a *Bullet* of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which forms an apt and original comment.

Thus, you might choose to work upon the *Example* RIGHT ROAD. Your first rough jotting against this *Example* might be this—TOWARDS PEACE, VIA GENEVA. After polishing up this rough idea, your finished *Bullet* might read RIGHT ROAD—LEAGUE'S ON—LEAD ON!

As you will see by studying the winners printed this week, the best words to use are just the simple kind which occur in everyday speech.

The time to start your attack on this week's 123 big New Year Prizes is now. Get busy immediately—and make sure that your entry is in by Saturday, December 31!

## 100 BIG XMAS CHEQUES WON THIS WEEK!

**FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 874:**
**Mr. F. Allison, 3, Hetton Road, Oakwood, Leeds.**
Example:—ONCE A YEAR
Bullet:—"BARK" SOOTHES "FRETFUL WORLD."

### SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. C. FOSTER, 2, Whiston Grove, Rotherham.
Example:—Not Mincing Matters
Bullet:—Makes "Eating Words" Harder.

### THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. H. LATCHFORD, 48, Gosforth Road, Southport, Lancs.
Example:—Age Of Machinery—
Bullet:—Kettle To "Pretty Kettle—"

### OTHER PRIZES:

£30: W. KIDD, 55, Wensley Drive, Leeds.
Her Father—"Stern"—Caught Me "Aft."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£25: J. PRYCE JONES, 15, Benjamin Road, Wrexham.
Once A Year—Goodwill Overflowing—Over, Flown!

£24: Mrs. E. GREEN, 55b, Northgate Street, Gt. Yarmouth.
Not Mincing Matters—Vicar—Congregation "Swallowing Lumps."

£23: C. WARREN, Wynscote, Wilburton, Ely, Cambs.
String Of Lies—Shouldn't "Resist Political Colours."

£22: G. SIMMONDS, 58, Green Way, Maidstone.
Blindly—Millions Voted—Now Look!

£21: J. MACDONALD, 61, Argyle Street, Inverness.
Busy Pastory—Ours Is—Hours Whis.

£20: F. C. MEGAIN, 37, Cowper Street, Ipswich.
Helped Him Out—"Sh, Santa! Daddy's Asleep!"

£19: W. TURNER, 22, Sambourne, Warminster.
Her Father—Greeted "Ready"—Connected Readily.

£18: S. BROOK, 188, Wilbraham Road, Manchester.
Once A Year—Carrying Parcels—Forgetting "Load."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£17: H. POWELL, 15, Eric Road, Liscard, Wallasey.
Pangs Of Hunger—And Thirst, America's Problems.

£16: Mrs. A. CARTWRIGHT, 19, South Promenade, St. Annes-on-Sea.
Happy Hunting-ground—End Of Life's "Chase."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£15: E. G. HILL, 27, Canynge Square, Bristol.
Black As Night—"Light" Of Sambo's Life.

£14: C. A. ALLAN, Sun Lea, Sedbergh, Yorks.
Not Mincing Matters—America Says "Pay, Bo!"

£13: Miss D. HORLINGTON, 69, Pennard Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.
Life Is Short, So—"Stretch" Yourself While "Pliable."

£12: A. J. PETERSON, "Oakdene," Banstead Road, Belmont, Surrey.
Her Father—Didn't Frighten Me Enough!

£11: Miss A. HUGHES, "Roslyn," Coombe Road, Preston, Paignton.
Shock For The Agitator—Rolling-pin Proved "Government Awake."

£10: H. CHALLIS, 41, Kemble Road, Forest Hill, S.E.
Out Of Harm's Way—Chancellor Put Dad's "Poison."

A list of the £5 and £6 winners can be seen at these offices.

**ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.**

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 873 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, 192, Kilburn High Road, London, N.W.

## Free Help

A free weekly copy of BULLETS BULLETIN is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of receiving this guide to success every Thursday by posting off this coupon to-day.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co." payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to "Bullets" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

*Do not enclose this coupon with "Bullets."*

## RECORD OFFER

of £1,500 and Radio Gramophones coming for "Bullets" No. 878—one week only!

## "EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 876.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| AT BRITAIN'S DOOR | RIGHT ROAD | BETTER WORK |
| DISARMAMENT FENCE | PRETTY TOUGH | THIS YEAR |
| CHAMPION OPTIMIST | MAN SHE HATES | LIKE A PALACE |
| NOTHING TO GRUMBLE ABOUT | TWELVE MONTHS | IDEAL |
| EASY TO SEE THROUGH | GONE | ONCE STARTED |
| VILLAGE NUISANCE | LEFT IN PEACE | NOT TO BE |
| BLAZING INFERNO | THE BARMAN | BUNKUM |
| RULING THE ROOST | EVIDENTLY | THE WOLF |
| ALONG CAME A GHOST AND | WICKED UNCLE | TRICK OF FATE |
| FINE COLLECTION | NOBODY WANTS | GATES OF WRATH |
| ACCEPTING THE SITUATION | DISMAL FAILURE | |

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(876) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT., Dec. 31 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(876) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT., Dec. 31 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(876) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT., Dec. 31 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(876) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT., Dec. 31 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

**Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 876, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

## NEXT WEEK'S FINE NEW YEAR OFFER 12 BIG CHEQUES FOR ONE "BULLET"

# B·D·V 'MAC'

## 125 COUPONS

or 115 only if you cut out and send the voucher below

**A 'MAC' FOR 125 COUPONS** *would at any time be a gift to attract attention. And when the 'Mac' is of the quality and style of those illustrated, such a gift is nothing short of marvellous. More important still! — these 'Macs' are being given away by B.D.V—the cigarette that has held such a high place in the affection of smokers for over thirty years . . . . . change to B.D.V to-day!*

GIFT NO. N398. *Gents' Lightweight Waterproof* in finest lightweight fawn material. Choice of models—Double Breasted with belt or Single Breasted with Prussian collar and without belt. All sizes from 34 inch chest to 44 inch, increasing 2 inches a size.

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All sizes 36 inch length to 48 inch, increasing 2 inches a size. Complete range of sizes and colours in stock in London.

**125 COUPONS**

smoke B D V cigarettes
10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

Free Voucher
10 COUPONS
for B D V
D 25 17.12.32
10 AVAILABLE ONLY FOR 'MAC' NO. 125 OR E159 only one voucher can be accepted towards any one gift 10
GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD PROPRIETORS

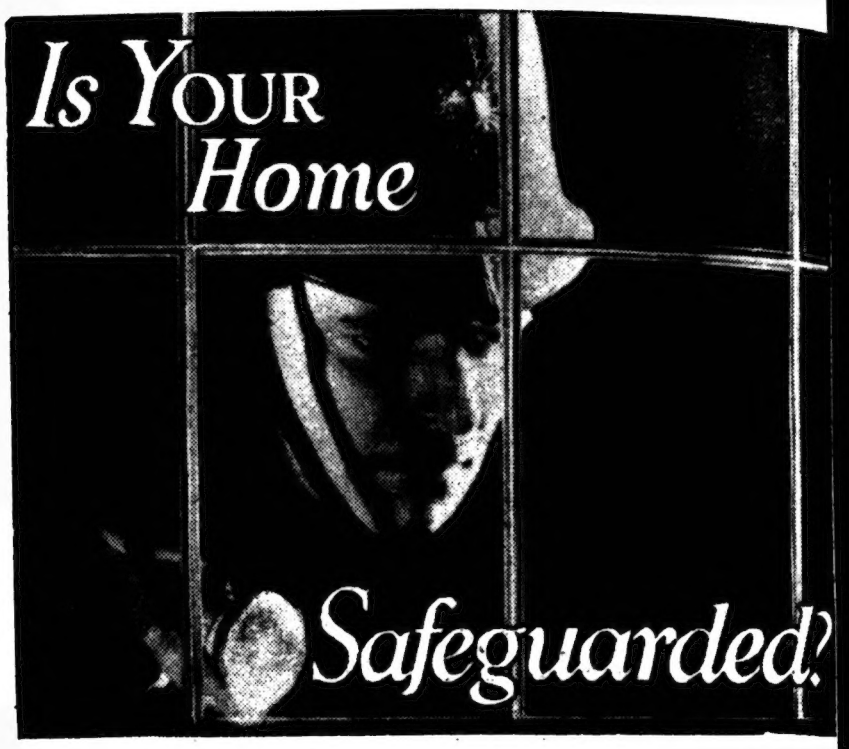
No matter how many coupons you find in a 6d. packet of other brands, together they are not of greater value than one B.D.V coupon.

**CUT THIS OUT NOW**

B.D.V TOBACCO—11½d. per oz. *with coupons*

CHANGE TO-DAY TO B. D. V. — AND GET THE GIFT YOU FANCY *FREE*


**HOME SAFEGUARDS No. 4.**




THE torch confirms his suspicions in a flash—Burglars! Drawers emptied, the mattress ripped off the bed, everything topsy-turvy.

The night prowlers have chosen their time well—when the owners were at the cinema or visiting friends.

Is YOUR home covered against this ever-growing menace?

Make your home as secure as possible, and then, should burglars or housebreakers defy your efforts, make sure that in case of loss you could look to "John Bull" for a cheque.

"John Bull" provides benefits covering loss by Burglary and Housebreaking up to £200.

Sign the registration forms now if you have not yet done so.

**D·A·N·G·E·R!**

**Don't** forget that a catch which can be pushed back by the insertion in the window of a thin steel blade gives very little security. **Don't** omit to see that basement and ground-floor windows are shut in your absence and the catches fastened. Pay special attention to windows near stack-pipes or those which can be reached by climbing into balconies. **Don't** overlook the fact that mortice locks (those fitted into the woodwork), in addition to the ordinary catch locks, make the forcing of doors more difficult. **Don't** fail to tell neighbours and police when your home is left empty for a long period. **Don't** keep valuables in places where the burglar is likely to find them. **Don't** keep a large sum of money at home; it is safer at the bank. **Don't** help burglars to get in by leaving a ladder in or near the grounds.

**AGAINST BURGLARY—FIRE—STORM—FLOOD—SICKNESS—ACCIDENT**
**"JOHN BULL" COVERS YOU FREE.**

CUT HERE

**JOHN BULL**
**Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

**PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B. 24.12.32

CUT HERE

**Post this Coupon to**
"John Bull" Registration Department, 125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B. 24.12.32


Only NINE more days
JOHN BULL'S GREAT XMAS GIFT TO YOU!


See page 3

100 NOVEL BIG 4-IN-1 NEW YEAR PRIZES
1933
A HAPPY YEAR
GIANT NEW YEAR HAMPER CONTAINING PLUMP SURREY FOWL AND NINE OTHER SEASONABLE LUXURIES
BULLETS SEASON TICKET PROVIDING 104.00 ENTRIES FREE
ROGET'S THESAURUS COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME DE LUXE EDITION
ONLY £2 NEW YEAR CHEQUE
FOUR PRIZES FOR ONE 'BULLET'

# BUMPER 'BULLETS' FIRST £500

10,522 OTHER AWARDS...

£50-£25-20 of £6

5.00 or 2/6, 2,000 SPECIAL RED SEAL 'TARGETS', 8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

## WIN A BIG NEW YEAR PRIZE OVER CHRISTMAS!

ONLY a few days are left for you to secure a place amongst the 123 winners of big New Year Prizes—but those include three valuable days of Christmas leisure! In addition to the big First Prize, there are £50, £25, twenty other substantial cheques, and one hundred more good reasons why you should use the coupons on this page.

These are the novel four-in-one New Year prizes which you see described above. For a few well-chosen words, each of the one hundred winners of these unique awards will receive four prizes in one, comprising a feast of good things for body, mind and purse as well.

As you read slowly through the *Examples* on this page, jot down the ideas they bring to your mind and see how you can add to each of them a *Bullet* of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which forms an apt and original comment.

Thus, you might choose to work upon the *Example* RIGHT ROAD. Your first rough jotting against this *Example* might be this—TOWARDS PEACE, VIA GENEVA. After polishing up this rough idea, your finished *Bullet* might read RIGHT ROAD—LEAGUE'S ON—LEAD ON!

As you will see by studying the winners printed this week, the best words to use are just the simple kind which occur in everyday speech.

The time to start your attack on this week's 123 big New Year Prizes is now. Get busy immediately—and make sure that your entry is in by Saturday, December 31!

## 100 BIG XMAS CHEQUES WON THIS WEEK!

**FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 874:**
**Mr. F. Allison, 3, Hetton Road, Oakwood, Leeds.**
Example:—ONCE A YEAR
Bullet:—"BABE" SOOTHES "FRETFUL WORLD."

### SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. C. FOSTER, 2, Whiston Grove, Rotherham.
Example:—Not Mincing Matters
Bullet:—Makes "Eating Words" Harder.

### THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. H. LATCHFORD, 48, Gosforth Road, Southport, Lancs.
Example:—Age Of Machinery —
Bullet:—Kettle To "Pretty Kettle—"

### OTHER PRIZES:

£30: W. KIDD, 55, Wensley Drive, Leeds.
Her Father — "Stern" — Caught Me "Aft."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£25: J. PRYCE JONES, 15, Benjamin Road, Wrexham.
Once A Year—Goodwill Overflowing—Over, Flown!

£24: Mrs. E. GREEN, 55b, Northgate Street, Gt. Yarmouth.
Not Mincing Matters—Vicar—Congregation "Swallowing Lumps."

£23: C. WARREN, Wynscote, Wilburton, Ely, Cambs.
String Of Lies—Shouldn't "Hoist Political Colours."

£22: G. SIMMONDS, 58, Green Way, Maidstone.
Blindly—Millions Voted—Now Look!

£21: J. MACDONALD, 61, Argyle Street, Inverness.
Busy Factory—Ours Is—Hours Whiz.

£20: F. C. MECAIR, 37, Cowper Street, Ipswich.
Helped Him Out—"Sh, Santa! Daddy's Asleep!"

£19: W. TURNER, 22, Sambourne, Warminster.
Her Father—Scented "Ready"—Consented Readily.

£18: S. BROCK, 134, Wilbraham Road, Manchester.
Once A Year—Carrying Parcels—Forgetting "Load."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£17: H. POWELL, 15, Eric Road, Liscard, Wallasey.
Pangs Of Hunger — And Thirst, America's Problems.

£16: Mrs. A. CARTWRIGHT, 19, South Promenade, St. Annes-on-Sea.
Happy Hunting-ground—End Of Life's "Chase."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£15: E. G. HILL, 27, Canynge Square, Bristol.
Black As Night—"Light" Of Sambo's Life.

£14: C. A. ALLAN, Sun Lea, Sedbergh, Yorks.
Not Mincing Matters—America Says "Pay, Bo!"

£13: Miss D. HORLINGTON, 69, Pennard Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.
Life Is Short, So—"Stretch" Yourself While "Pliable."

£12: A. J. PETERSON, "Oakdene," Banstead Road, Belmont, Surrey.
Her Father—Didn't Frighten Me *Enough!*

£11: Miss A. HUGHES, "Roslyn," Coombe Road, Preston, Paignton.
Shock For The Agitator—Rolling-pin Proved "Government Awake."

£10: H. CHALLIS, 41, Kemble Road, Forest Hill, S.E.
Out Of Harm's Way—Chancellor Put Dad's "Poison."

**A list of the £5 and £2 winners can be seen at these offices.**
**ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.**

**The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 673 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, 183, Kilburn High Road, London, N.W.**

## Free Help

A free weekly copy of BULLETS BULLETIN is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of receiving this guide to success every Thursday by posting off this coupon to-day.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co." payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
*Do not enclose this coupon with "Bullets."*

## RECORD OFFER

of £1,500 and Radio Gramophones coming for "Bullets" No. 878—one week only!

## "EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 876.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| AT BRITAIN'S DOOR | RIGHT ROAD | BETTER WORK |
| DISARMAMENT FENCE | PRETTY TOUGH | THIS YEAR |
| CHAMPION OPTIMIST | MAN SHE HATES | LIKE A PALACE |
| NOTHING TO GRUMBLE ABOUT | TWELVE MONTHS | IDEAL |
| EASY TO SEE THROUGH | GONE | ONCE STARTED |
| VILLAGE NUISANCE | LEFT IN PEACE | NOT TO BE |
| BLAZING INFERNO | THE BARMAN | BUNKUM |
| RULING THE ROOST | EVIDENTLY | THE WOLF |
| ALONG CAME A GHOST AND | WICKED UNCLE | TRICK OF FATE |
| FINE COLLECTION | NOBODY WANTS | GATES OF WRATH |
| ACCEPTING THE SITUATION | DISMAL FAILURE | |

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(876) Closing SAT., Dec. 31 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(876) Closing SAT., Dec. 31 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(876) Closing SAT., Dec. 31 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(876) Closing SAT., Dec. 31 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

**If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.**

**Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 876, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

**"BULLETS" RULES.**—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

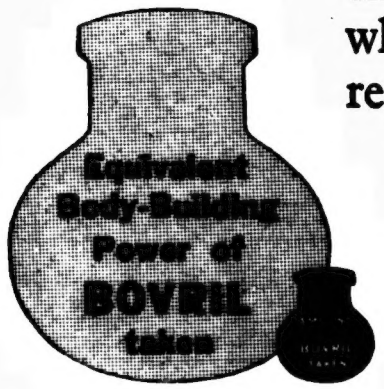
**NEXT WEEK'S FINE NEW YEAR OFFER — 12 BIG CHEQUES FOR ONE "BULLET"**

# For more than 40 Winters BOVRIL

## has proved its value as a defence against illness and a quick restorative in convalescence

By its power to rally the forces of the body and to give the strength needed at crucial moments, Bovril has saved innumerable lives.

But it is not only in illness that the value of Bovril has been so convincingly demonstrated. Bovril ensures that sound nutrition upon which your vitality and your power of resisting colds and illness must depend.




*Bovril is the food which has been proved, as the result of biological tests carried out by independent scientific authorities, to have a body-building power equivalent to* 10 *to* 20 *times the amount taken.*

# DRINK BOVRIL AND ENJOY THE WINTER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